

UNTITLED
(FKA LAURA HASN'T SLEPT)

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Paramount Pictures
Temple Hill Entertainment

CLOSE ON: a DEAD WOMAN'S FACE (early 40s). Her mouth is frozen agape. Her glossy, wide eyes stare right at us.

PULLING BACK, the woman is lying awkwardly twisted in BED. Dust-speckled daylight slices through window curtains revealing a BEDROOM in a state of disheveled chaos.

A PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLE lies spilled open on the floor below the bed, amid several EMPTY WINE BOTTLES.

We PAN away from the woman, tracking past FRAMED PHOTOS: One of the DEAD WOMAN smiling with a MAN, a TODDLER, and a BABY. Another shows the same WOMAN with TWO LITTLE GIRLS (no man).

Our PANNING POV continues until we reveal our trajectory:

A YOUNG GIRL (10) stands in the BEDROOM DOORWAY, staring at the dead woman. Her clothes are dirty. Her face conveys no emotion, but her eyes are enormous with SHOCK.

We PUSH IN on her face, closer and closer on her EYES...

The shrill RING OF A TELEPHONE jolts us to:

INT. ROSE'S OFFICE - HOSPITAL - DAY

DR. ROSE COTTER (34) lifts her head from her desk with a sharp INHALE. She appears to have dozed off in her OFFICE, which is small and spare, like most things publicly-funded.

Her DESK PHONE IS RINGING. She wipes drool from her mouth. Answers:

ROSE
Dr. Cotter..?

Rose's cashmere sweater and prim hair bun give her an air of polished professionalism. But her eyes reveal a weariness.

ROSE
I'll be right there.

INT. PSYCH EVAL ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Rose enters a plain room painted calming hues. Seated in one of two chairs is an agitated, fretful sad sack named CARL (40). He's SPEAKING CONTINUALLY as if in a mantra:

CARL
...He's gonna die. She's gonna die.
Mom's gonna die...

An exasperated looking ORDERLY is relieved to see Rose.

ORDERLY
I haven't been able to get him to talk,
respond to me, nothing. Just this.

ROSE
That's okay, I got it. Thanks Dan.

The orderly leaves the room.

CARL (CONTINUING)
...I'm gonna die. Everyone dies.
Nobody matters. She doesn't matter...

Rose picks up the other chair facing Carl's. She moves it right NEXT TO his, and sits down beside him, facing the same direction. She doesn't say anything. Just sits with him.

CARL (CONTINUING)
...He doesn't matter. She doesn't
matter. Mom doesn't matter. Nothing
ever matters... I don't matter... I
don't matter... I... I don't...

Carl finally seems to register Rose. He nearly breaks into sobs. Rose gently attempts eye contact.

ROSE
Hi Carl... Do you know where you are?

CARL
...The hospital.

ROSE
You and I met last time you were here.
It's okay if you don't remember.

Carl can't stop panicking. He struggles to catch his breath.

ROSE
Think you can maybe tell me what's
going on today?

CARL
I'm about to die.

ROSE
Carl, I doubt that very much.

CARL
I can *feel* it coming! All around me.
It's in everything.
(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)
The universe is trying to crush me...
And no one cares.

ROSE
Well, that's not true. *I* care.

Carl puts his head in his hands, miserable.

CARL
...I'm scared.

Rose looks over at him without a hint of judgment.

ROSE
I know. It's okay.

INT. PSYCH UNIT - HOSPITAL - DAY

Rose navigates the CALM CHAOS of a small psych unit inside a big hospital. She approaches the NURSES STATION. We can see an ORDERLY gently guiding Carl elsewhere in the b.g.

CARL
(back at it)
...He's gonna die. She's gonna die...

Rose hands a chart over to the NURSE behind the desk.

ROSE
Wanda, I'm putting Carl Renken into temp observation. He's harmless, but have someone check in on him every couple hours. His episodes usually only last a few days.

STATION NURSE
Okay, doc. Hey by the way, Dr. Ingram said he was looking for you.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

We're FLOATING 80 FEET ABOVE the hospital's PARKING LOT as:

An AMBULANCE careens to a halt outside an intake zone. EMTs unload a resistant FEMALE PATIENT.

FEMALE PATIENT
(80 feet below)
I'm not going in there! No! NO!!

Our POV passes through an EIGHTH-FLOOR GLASS WINDOW into...

INT. DR. INGRAM'S OFFICE - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Another small office. DR. MORGAN INGRAM (50s, academic, affable, beleaguered) sits at his desk buried in paperwork.

KNOCK-KNOCK - Rose pops her head in his door.

DR. INGRAM

Hey - did you admit a patient named Sarah Marquet into residency yesterday?

ROSE

Yeah. She has a history of drug abuse, mania, and impulsive behavior.

DR. INGRAM

She also has no *insurance*.

ROSE

Okay, well last time she was here, we discharged her same-day, and she wound up back down in medicine two days later with a self-inflicted broken hand.

DR. INGRAM

If you felt she was a danger, then you're supposed to order a 5150.

ROSE

She doesn't need her freedom taken away. She needs treatment.

Ingram removes his glasses and leans back in his chair.

DR. INGRAM

The board's down my throat about paying out of pocket for *another* bed on our unit.

ROSE

Well, *maybe* the board should actually try giving a shit about the *point* of our job here once in a while.

DR. INGRAM

Look, I'm not questioning your judgment. But *I* have to deal with the fallout. Just run it past me first next time so I can get ahead of it? Okay?

ROSE

Yeah. Okay. I'm sorry.

DR. INGRAM

Thank you.

(checks his watch)

What time was your shift supposed to end?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

We're slowly MOVING DOWN a relatively quiet hall of staff offices. Our POV turns, PEERING through the open door to:

INT. ROSE'S OFFICE - SAME

Rose sits at her desk working on her laptop. She YAWNS. Her phone BUZZES with a text.

*TREVOR: We still have dinner w your
sister tonight?*

Rose responds: *Yes [upside-down smiley emoji]*

Another YAWN. Rose checks her watch. She puts her laptop in her bag. Rises from her desk and grabs her coat.

She turns off the lights and exits, closing the door...

...But WE REMAIN inside the dim, empty office.

After a moment, Rose's desk phone RINGS. We PUSH IN on the phone as it continues to RING inside the empty room...

We hear the office DOOR OPEN again. The lights flip back on. Rose's HAND enters frame and snatches up the phone:

ROSE (O.S.)

Dr. Cotter..?

INT. PSYCH UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

On the move - Rose and a NURSE navigate a corridor. Rose skims an INTAKE FORM as the nurse briefs her:

NURSE

Laura Weaver. Twenty-six year old grad student. Picked up for public disturbance. She's lucid but agitated.

ROSE

She have a psych history?

NURSE
Nothing on file. But she was involved
in a *separate* police report last week.

ROSE
What was that about?

NURSE
She was interviewed about a suicide at
her university.

As they draw near a DOOR, we hear a sudden COMMOTION from
within. Rose rushes into--

INT. PSYCH EVAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TWO ORDERLIES have cornered LAURA WEAVER (26, distraught,
the patient we glimpsed outside) against the wall--

LAURA	ORDERLY
--Don't! Don't touch me! No!	Get back! Step back and calm
I'm not crazy! Let me go!	down! You need to relax!

ROSE
Hey-- easy! Take it easy! Hold up.

Rose puts herself between the orderlies and Laura, raising
her palms. She makes purposeful eye contact with Laura.

ROSE
Hi, Laura? Right here. Forget them,
just look at *me*. My name's Dr. Cotter.
I know you're nervous. That's okay...

Laura stays pressed to the corner, FRAUGHT. She stares at
Rose with big, panicky eyes that haven't seen sleep in days.

ROSE
This room probably feels pretty
scary. But it's just a place for you
and I to have a chat - that's all.
It's no big deal. If you're alright
with that, these guys will give us
some space. But, it's up to you.

Laura swallows back tears... She manages a small nod.

ROSE
Okay. We're good here. Thanks guys.

Both orderlies exit the room, closing the door behind them.

Rose moves to one of the chairs and sits. She sets a DIGITAL RECORDER on the side table beside a POT OF FLOWERS.

ROSE
Would you like to have a seat?

Laura stays glued to the corner.

ROSE
I promise you this is a safe place.

LAURA
Not for me.

ROSE
Why do you say that?

Laura shakes her head, as if she's afraid to even say.

ROSE
Laura, I want to help. But you've gotta tell me what's going on.

Laura wipes her eyes. She creeps over and sits down. Rose clocks several CUTS and BRUISES on Laura's face and hands.

LAURA
I'm not crazy.

ROSE
Nobody is calling you that.

LAURA
But it's important you *understand!* I'm not some psycho! I'm a PhD candidate!

ROSE
It's okay. Take a breath. Tell me.

Laura gathers herself, searching for where to even begin.

LAURA
Something is following me.
Something... *evil*. And I *know* what that sounds like, but I am experiencing things I can't explain.

ROSE
Okay. When did this first start?

LAURA
It was last week. I was at the library on campus.

(MORE)

LAURA (cont'd)

It was late, and I thought I was alone. But then I turned and suddenly this *man* was there. I thought maybe he was homeless - because of how he *looked*. But it turns out he was actually some *professor*. He was just standing there, holding a hammer, and *smiling* at me with this... this *god-awful* smile. Then he started hitting himself in the *face*... Like he wanted me to *watch* him die...

Laura squeezes her eyes shut. Rose waits for her to go on.

LAURA

Ever since that night, I've been *seeing* this... thing. It *looks* like a person. But it's not... That first night, after the cops took me home, I saw it, standing in my apartment hallway. Just for a second - then it was gone. I thought I'd imagined it... But then I just kept seeing it.

ROSE

You said it looks like a person. Who does it looks like?

LAURA

That's the thing. It can look like *anyone*. A friend. Or a stranger. People who are supposed to be dead - like that professor... I see it everywhere - but no one else sees it. It's like I'm stuck in a nightmare, and I can't wake up. And it keeps getting worse, and worse...

(fraught pause)

...And I just have this really really bad feeling that something *terrible* is about to happen to me!

Tears stream down Laura's face.

ROSE

Laura, *nothing* is going to happen to you. I promise. You've been through an incredibly intense trauma. Sometimes, our minds can become fixated in a way that feels like we're *reliving* the trauma making the impossible feel absolutely real - which can be terrifying. I know.

(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)
But there's nothing *supernatural*
happening. It can't hurt you.

Laura shakes her head, growing extremely upset.

LAURA
You're not *listening* to me! Oh my
god! I'm gonna fucking die, and
nobody will listen to me!

Laura buries her face in her hands, choking back sobs,
spiraling into a complete and total breakdown.

ROSE
Laura... Hey, it's okay. Look at me.

Laura lifts her wet eyes to look at Rose--

LAURA SCREAMS AND RECOILS BACKWARDS!

She topples her chair and the side table between them,
sending the POT OF FLOWERS to the floor with a CRASH--

Rose is jolted out of her own chair by the sudden reaction--

From the floor, Laura's eyes BULGE in abject terror as she
stares at something behind Rose...

LAURA
No! No no no no!

ROSE
Laura, you're okay. There's nothing
here. It's just you and me.

Laura doesn't take her eyes off whatever she's staring at
behind Rose as she begins to crawl backwards.

LAURA
Get away from me! GET AWAY FROM ME!

Despite herself, Rose glances over her shoulder to see if
anyone (or anything) is behind her. But nothing's there.

LAURA
HELP! HELP ME! NOOO! *AHHHH!!!*

Laura erupts into SHRIEKING HYSTERICS. Her mouth opens wide
and she begins painfully clawing at her neck as her eyes
roll up in her head like she's SUFFOCATING...

Completely freaked out now, Rose rushes over to the wall and
snatches up the RED EMERGENCY PHONE, putting it to her ear:

ROSE
I have a patient emergency in Eval-2.
I need staff in here! Right now!
Hurry!

Behind Rose, Laura's guttural histrionics abruptly go
SILENT. Rose turns around...

Laura is now standing up, facing away from Rose so that she
(and we) can't see her face. Her demeanor is eerily calm.

ROSE
Laura..?

No reaction. Rose sets the red phone back on its cradle. She
takes a cautious step toward Laura...

ROSE
Can you hear me..?

Laura slowly turns around, and now we see she's SMILING - a
wide, gleeful grin that FREEZES Rose in her tracks. She
raises her hand, revealing a SHARD of the broken flower pot.

Rose stands there petrified, watching helplessly as:

Laura pushes the shard into the side of her face. She drags
it downwards, splitting open her cheek. Once she reaches her
neck, she JAMS the shard deep into her jugular--

Rose collapses back against the wall, staring, HORRIFIED--

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW AS AN EVIL OVERTURE RISES:

*Laura gruesomely drags the shard across her throat, never
flinching. She continues to smile as BLOOD ERUPTS VIOLENTLY.*

*Rose's legs give out and she slides down the wall to the
floor, UNABLE TO LOOK AWAY, as...*

*Laura crumbles to the floor, DEAD. Yet she's still SMILING,
and her eyes seem to remain STARING DIRECTLY AT ROSE...*

*The room's DOOR OPENS and ORDERLIES storm in. They rush to
Laura, uselessly clamping hands on her open throat.*

*Off Laura's dead, smiling gaze, our POV PANS to Rose, still
sitting frozen against the wall. We PUSH IN on ROSE'S EYES -
until a SINGLE TERRIFIED EYE fills the frame - we PUSH
THROUGH THE PUPIL into **DARKNESS**, overture crescendoing --*

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

After the credits, we gradually fade back up on a hazy-grey afternoon sky viewed through a WINDOW.

INT. MEETING ROOM - HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON (LATER)

Rose sits at a long table, staring out the window. Her eyes are numb. We can hear VOICES and SOUNDS of the hospital, but it's as if our senses are DULLED.

Rose's eyes shift, settling on the room's open door. Out in the CORRIDOR, Dr. Ingram is speaking with TWO MEN in plainclothes, wearing DETECTIVE BADGES around their necks.

One of the detectives, JOEL (37, ten o'clock shadow), makes eye contact with Rose. There's a look of familiarity. He acknowledges her with a look of condolence and small wave.

INT. MEETING ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Joel and the other detective, BUCKLEY (40s, crass), sit across from Rose.

DET. BUCKLEY

Had Ms. Weaver ever been a patient here before?

Rose shakes her head no.

DET. BUCKLEY

Would you say she was typical of the kind of patients you see?

ROSE

This is an emergency psych unit. Typical isn't really a thing here.

DET. BUCKLEY

Fine. But she was a headcase, yeah?

ROSE

I'm sorry - a *headcase*?

Joel winces at this.

JOEL

I think-- we're just trying to get your opinion on her mental state.

It's clear there's an awkwardness between Rose and Joel.

ROSE

She'd recently witnessed an extreme act of violence. In my opinion, she'd descended into a post-trauma psychosis and had become detached from reality. She was having paranoid delusions.

DET. BUCKLEY

What kind of delusions?

ROSE

She believed she was being followed by an evil presence only she could see.

Buckley WHISTLES.

DET. BUCKLEY

Yikes.

Rose bristles at this but bites her tongue.

JOEL

Once we leave here, we have to go attempt to explain what *happened* to her family. So, we're just grasping for anything that might help make some sense of all this. Did she maybe say anything else to you before she... *Beforehand*. Any final words?

ROSE

No. She didn't say anything, but... Right before she did it, she smiled.

Joel registers this odd unpleasantness.

DET. BUCKLEY

I guess she was fucking crazy, huh?

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - EVENING

A TOP-DOWN VIEW of a BODY (Laura's) beneath a WHITE SHEET. A large, crescent-shaped BLOODSTAIN has soiled the sheet where the body's neck would be, almost resembling a big red smile.

EXT. WOODSY SUBURBAN ROAD - EVENING

We track ROSE'S CAR from high above (bird's eye) as it travels along tree-lined roads.

As the car curves around a bend, our POV INVERTS, creating a sensation of the CAR PLUNGING DOWNWARD, toward oblivion...

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - EVENING

Unlit and gloomy in the day's failing light. The front door unlocks. Rose enters.

A small CAT named MUSTACHE pads into the foyer and looks up at Rose. Rose stands there for a moment, staring into space.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Rose lets down her hair. She pulls her sweater up over her head, then pauses, peering closely at it...

There are several tiny RED DOTS (blood) in the wool.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rose opens the TRASHCAN and drops the balled up sweater in.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Rose stands under the shower, anxiously scrubbing off the day. She looks like she might be crying, but all we can hear is the STREAM of hot water.

INT. KITCHEN - SHORTLY AFTER

Rose enters the dark kitchen without turning on any lights.

She retrieves a wine glass from a cupboard and opens the refrigerator, spilling fluorescent LIGHT from within. She grabs a half-empty bottle of white wine and pours a glass.

She stands in the cold light of the open refrigerator, gulping down the wine, mind heavy...

Rose suddenly FREEZES. She slowly turns toward the far side of the unlit kitchen...

Standing perfectly still in a very dark corner is LAURA (the patient who died). She's smiling at Rose.

Rose stands there, petrified, staring at Laura...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Rose?

Rose nearly jumps out of her skin -- the wine glass slips from her hand and SHATTERS on the floor.

TREVOR (36, handsome, charming enough, aloof) turns on the OVERHEAD LIGHTS from the kitchen doorway.

TREVOR

Whoa! My bad.

Rose glances back at the corner where Laura was standing. In the light, there's nothing there. She shakes her head.

TREVOR

Someone's jumpy.

ROSE

I didn't hear you come in.
(the broken glass)
...Shit.

Trevor steps around the broken glass and kisses Rose hello.

TREVOR

Hi.

ROSE

Hi.

Trevor inspects Rose, as if noticing something is off.

TREVOR

Everything okay? You seem a little...
something.

Rose sighs and moves to a cupboard, retrieving a DUSTPAN.

ROSE

We lost a patient on the ward today.

TREVOR

Ah crap.

Trevor intercepts her and wraps her up in a hug.

TREVOR

That's terrible. I'm sorry. Can I do anything?

Rose closes her eyes, sinking into his chest.

ROSE

This is a nice start.

TREVOR
Wanna bail on dinner tonight?

Rose scrunches up her face.

ROSE
We can't. Holly hired a sitter. I'd never hear the end of it.

TREVOR
Alright. Well, how about I clean this up, and you go get ready?

Trevor takes the dustpan from her. Rose kisses him again.

EXT. TRENDY RESTAURANT PATIO - NIGHT

Rose and Trevor sit with HOLLY (38, bubbly, overbearing) and her husband GREG (40, vegetable lasagna). ANOTHER FRIENDS COUPLE makes it a party of six. Everyone is drinking.

HOLLY
...I have to be up to make him breakfast *and* pack his lunch, because god knows what kinda unhealthy crap they'll have in the cafeteria. Once I drop him off at school, I only have a few hours to do *my* errands, then I have to pick him back up and take him to either swim practice or piano lessons or karate. Then dinner, supervise his homework, and then it's *always* a fight over bedtime. I swear my weekdays are literally impossible, you guys have *no idea*.

(then, to Rose)
Oh, by the way - you're coming Saturday afternoon, right?

ROSE
What? What's Saturday afternoon?

HOLLY
Uh *hello*? Jackson's birthday party. I literally told you like five times.

ROSE
I have to work. Sorry.

HOLLY
But it's *Saturday*.

ROSE
Yeah, and I work on Saturdays.

HOLLY
See this is why you gotta get out of that hospital and into a private practice with *normal* person hours.

GREG
Rose, if you gotta listen to crazies all day anyhow, you might as well see if you can get the crazies who can actually *pay* for your time. Don't you still have a mountain of student loans?

HOLLY
Oh my *god* exactly! You make like *no* money for a doctor, Rose. It's honestly kind of offensive.

Rose tenses up. Trevor notices and squeezes her hand.

TREVOR
I for one adore Rose's bleeding heart.

FEMALE FRIEND
Aww.

TREVOR
Plus, I'm like *this close* to a junior partnership at my firm, which means Rose can work charity cases for as long as that bleeding heart desires.

HOLLY
Right. And *when* is that happening?

TREVOR
Real soon.

HOLLY
Uh-huh. Well in the *meantime*, we could finally sell the house.

MALE FRIEND
Wait, what house is this?

HOLLY
Rose and I still own the house we grew up in. It's totally unused. Just like sitting there rotting away. I want to sell it, but *somebody* has a whole stick up her butt about it.
(MORE)

HOLLY (cont'd)
I swear it's like she *has* to be
difficult about *everything*.

Rose abruptly stands up.

ROSE
I'm going to the bathroom.

She walks off, leaving the table in an awkward silence.

HOLLY
Sheesh. *Somebody's* in a mood.

INT. UBER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rose stares out the back window with busy thoughts.

Next to her, Trevor is engrossed in his phone, tapping away, oblivious. Rose turns and looks at Trevor, watching him...

After a few moments, Trevor feels Rose's stare and looks up. He "smiles" at her, and awkwardly puts his phone away.

INT. FRONT ENTRY - ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rose and Trevor enter, turning on the lights. Mustache comes running up, swarming Rose's feet.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rose SNAPS open a can of cat food. Dumps its contents into a bowl and sets it on the floor. Mustache plows into it.

Rose's phone DINGS. It's an email from *Dr. Morgan Ingram*:

*Hi Rose,
Just wanted to check in to see how you're
feeling? If you want to take any personal
time off, don't hesitate to ask. A few days
away from things could prove beneficial.
--Morgan*

Rose looks up as Trevor appears in the kitchen doorway, in the process of taking off his pants.

TREVOR
I've got a stupid-early client
breakfast downtown in the morning, so
I think I'm just going to pop an
Ambien and zonk out.

ROSE
Okay. I'll be in in a bit.

TREVOR
Oh hey, don't forget: we've got my
boss's charity thing tomorrow night.
It's super important.

ROSE
I didn't forget.

Trevor smiles, then disappears out of the doorway.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Night!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rose sits with her laptop, reading a MED DATABASE essay
titled "*Symptomatology Behind Manifesting Hallucinations*."

She YAWNS. Looks over at Mustache curled up on top of the
couch, snoozing.

Rose pulls up an internet tab. Searches: "*Laura Weaver*."

She clicks on social media pages. Scrolls through myriad
PHOTOS OF LAURA - happy, carefree, with friends. Normal.

Rose stares at a close up photo of Laura smiling directly
into the lens...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rose creeps into the dim bedroom. Trevor is asleep. She
carefully slips into the bed, trying not to wake him.

She looks over at Trevor, sleeping on his side, facing away
from her. She watches the rise and fall of his breathing...

Rose rolls onto her back and stares up the ceiling. YAWNS.
She closes her eyes, waiting for sleep to come...

After several moments, she exhales with a huff and opens her
eyes again. Still wide awake. She re-positions her pillow,
adjusts the covers, desperately trying to get comfortable--

TREVOR (O.S.)
(*whispering*)
Everything alright?

Rose winces at waking Trevor. She glances at him. He hasn't moved, and is still half-asleep. (*Rose and Trevor's dialogue plays out entirely in WHISPERS*)

ROSE

Sorry.

TREVOR

It's okay. Wanna tell me about it?

ROSE

...About what?

TREVOR

Whatever's got us both awake now.

Rose stares back up at the ceiling, looking very vulnerable.

ROSE

It's nothing, I just... I can't stop thinking about that patient from today. I keep seeing her face, every time I close my eyes. Replaying what happened, over and over. Wondering what I could have done differently.

TREVOR

You couldn't have stopped it.

ROSE

I was the attending in the room. She was my responsibility.

TREVOR

There is no stopping it.

This catches Rose off guard. She turns, eyeing the back of Trevor's head again (he's still facing away from her).

ROSE

...What did you say?

TREVOR

There is no stopping it, Rose.

Trevor slowly rolls over to face Rose, smiling a horrible smile, his eyes unnaturally wide and menacing.

ROSE

*Trevor, what are you doing!? Trevor!
Trevor stop! STOP IT! STOP IT!!!*

Rose propels herself backward, falling out of bed and scrambling back against the wall--

Trevor jolts up and turns on a LAMP. In the light, he looks like a normal tired person who was just startled awake--

TREVOR

What?! What is it?? What's happening?!

He leaps out of bed, disoriented but already on the defensive, scanning the room as if looking for an intruder.

ROSE

What the fuck is wrong with you!?

TREVOR

(utterly confused)

...What?!

ROSE

Why would you do that??

TREVOR

Do *what*? I didn't do anything! Rose, *what* is going on?

The fear in Rose's eyes melts away to confusion. She swallows hard, trying to reign in her erratic breaths.

ROSE

Did you... Were we... Were we just having a conversation?

The adrenaline drains out of Trevor. He slumps down onto the bed and massages his face. He glances at the clock.

TREVOR

It's three in the morning, Rose.

ROSE

I-- I'm sorry, I... I think I was having a nightmare.

TREVOR

Well, you scared the shit out of me.

Rose stands back up, flushed and embarrassed. She sits on the edge of the bed next to Trevor.

ROSE

Sorry. I guess I'm still just a little freaked out from what happened at work...

TREVOR
(reluctant)
Do you... wanna talk about it?

ROSE
Um... No, that's okay. I'm okay. Sorry.
You should just go back to sleep.

Only too glad, Trevor gives her arm a perfunctory squeeze, then lays back down on his side of the bed.

TREVOR
Must have been *some* nightmare.

He clicks the lamp OFF, sending the room back to darkness.

Rose lies down. She glances over at Trevor. He's turned on his side, facing away from her again (same as before).

Rose stares back up the ceiling, looking wildly unsettled. We hold CLOSE on her sleepless gaze, then eerily MATCH TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - HOSPITAL - MORNING

Rose stands in the crummy BREAK ROOM with the exact same sleepless gaze from the previous night. She's staring at:

A crummy COFFEE MAKER, brewing crummy coffee.

ORDERLY (O.S.)
Morning, doc.

Rose snaps out of it as an ORDERLY puts a sack lunch in the fridge. She pours coffee into the mug she's already holding.

INT. PSYCH UNIT - DAY

Rose approaches the NURSES STATION.

ROSE
Hey Wanda - I'm supposed to be in a session with Kimberly Park right now, but she's not in her room..?

STATION NURSE
Oh shit, yeah. She pulled a bunch of her hair out overnight and swallowed it all. They took her down to medicine to have her stomach pumped.

OTHER NURSE
 Could be worse: remember that guy
 that used to eat his own poop?

STATION NURSE
 Oh my god - he always had it stuck in
 his teeth!

Both nurses CACKLE at this hilarious anecdote.

JOEL (O.S.)
 Rose?

Rose spins to find Joel, the detective from yesterday.

ROSE
 Hey? Uh...You're back?

JOEL
 Yeah, I was just getting some
 paperwork sorted out from yesterday.

ROSE
 Oh.

JOEL
 We didn't really get a chance to talk,
 but I just wanted you to know I had no
 idea it was you when the call came in.
 Sorry... How are you holding up?

ROSE
 How am I holding up..?

JOEL
 Yeah. I mean, after what you went
 through...

Rose becomes aware of the nurses blatantly eavesdropping.

ROSE
 Look, Joel, I appreciate your
 concern, but I'm fine.
 (glances at her watch)
 I really gotta go. See you around.

Rose walks off. Joel watches her go.

STATION NURSE
 Hey handsome: you do know she's
 engaged, right?

Joel flashes the nurse a curt smile.

OTHER NURSE
I'm single...

INT. ROSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Rose sits at her desk, trying to focus on paperwork.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. Rose looks at the screen: *Holly Calling*. Rose considers for another ring, then answers:

ROSE
Hey.

HOLLY (PHONE)
Hi. So, I just wanted to say sorry about last night. I shouldn't have kept going at you like that.

ROSE
No, I'm the one who should apologize. I've been dealing with some stress, and I wasn't being very good company.

Rose moves to the window, staring outside.

HOLLY (PHONE)
Well... Are you okay? Because you did seem a little, I dunno... weird last night. Weirder than usual I mean.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: a FIGURE is standing motionless across the car park, seemingly staring at the building. It's almost as if they're staring at Rose, but it's too far to tell.

ROSE
...I'm fine. Really. I think I was just tired.

HOLLY (PHONE)
You know if you ever need to talk to me - about anything. I'm here for you.

Rose turns away from the window.

ROSE
I know. Thank you.

HOLLY (PHONE)
Anyhow, can I get you to reconsider coming to Jackson's party tomorrow? We'd honestly love to have you...

Rose rolls her eyes.

ROSE
I still have to work... But maybe I
could stop by after and bring Jackson
a birthday present?

HOLLY (PHONE)
*Yeah, that'd be perfect! You know what?
He's actually really into electric
model trains and all the little
villages and cute stuff right now.*

ROSE
Wow, that's, uh... neat?

HOLLY (PHONE)
Right? Isn't he such a little genius?

INT. CORRIDOR - PSYCH UNIT - DAY

We TRACK WITH ROSE as she walks down the hall, passing by
doors to patient rooms.

As she passes an OPEN DOOR, we can see Carl (her first
patient from yesterday) inside the room, facing the doorway
with a big, unnerving smile on his face.

Rose HESITATES. She reverses and steps into CARL'S ROOM.

ROSE
Hi Carl... How are you feeling?

Carl doesn't respond or even move a muscle. He just sits
there with that awful smile on his face.

ROSE
Carl..? Are you alright?

Rose bends close to him. She snaps her fingers in front of
his face, to no reaction.

ROSE
Carl--

CARL
--She's gonna die...

Rose recoils as Carl suddenly starts speaking. He keeps
grinning.

CARL
...Mom's gonna die. I'm gonna die.
Everybody dies...

ROSE
Carl, can you look at me please?

CARL
...She's gonna die. She's gonna die.
She's gonna die...

ROSE
Carl, I asked you to look at me.

Carl's eyes suddenly shift, now staring menacingly at Rose--

CARL
...You're going to die. You're going
to die. You're going to die...

Carl stands up, his presence suddenly very threatening.

CARL
...You're going to die. You're going
to die. You're going to die...

ROSE
Carl step back! Right now!

Carl steps toward Rose. She stares at his terrible smile,
his unblinking eyes.

CARL
...You're going to die. YOU'RE GOING
TO DIE! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

Rose backs away in fear as Carl reaches a hand toward her,
grinning like an absolute lunatic:

CARL
I'm coming for you, Rose.

Rose stumbles backward and turns for the door, rushing back
out into the HALLWAY--

ROSE
STAFF! HELP! I NEED STAFF!

A TRIO OF ORDERLIES huddled nearby dash over to Rose.

ROSE
This patient's 5150! He needs to be
restrained!

The orderlies rush into the room, finding:

Carl curled up against the wall, in the midst of a full blown anxiety attack (and definitely not smiling).

The orderlies pin Carl's limbs down.

CARL
No! No no no no NO!!

Several more orderlies arrive and jump into the scrum. Carl SCREAMS as they drag him off the bed.

INT. DR. INGRAM'S OFFICE - SHORTLY AFTER

Dr. Ingram sits behind his desk staring at us. He DRUMS his fingers on the desk.

Rose sits opposite looking admonished and disconcerted.

ROSE
He was *aggressive*. Acting *psychotic*. I was concerned for his own safety.

DR. INGRAM
Carl Renken has been in and out of here a dozen times and he's never exhibited behavior even close to aggressive. And the staff said he had been cooperative all morning.

ROSE
His behavior was *unusual*.

DR. INGRAM
He's an unusual man.

ROSE
Do you think I'm *making it up*?

DR. INGRAM
Of course not. But has it occurred to you that your interaction with Carl today may have been clouded by what happened with Laura Weaver yesterday?

ROSE
I don't see a connection.

DR. INGRAM
A patient in your care killed herself, brutally, right in front of you.
(MORE)

DR. INGRAM (cont'd)
Is it possible that when you presumed
Carl Renken was a danger to himself,
that's what your mind was reacting to?

Rose shifts uncomfortably, chewing on this for a moment.

ROSE
I suppose it's *possible* I overreacted.

Ingram sighs heavily. His expression softens.

DR. INGRAM
Here's what's going to happen: you're
going to take a week off.

ROSE
Morgan, that's not fair.

DR. INGRAM
No one is placing *blame*. But I've got
a non-violent patient who was so
distressed by improper restraint
orders that he had to be administered
haloperidol.

(off Rose's look)
Rose, you just went through a
significant trauma. You've already
been pulling extra hours for months
now, and don't take this the wrong
way, but you look like you haven't
been sleeping. Burnout is real. We
can't help these patients unless we
have our own mental health in check.

Rose shakes her head, disagreeing but saying nothing.

DR. INGRAM
You're *valued* here. Which means it's
in the unit's best interest that you
catch your breath. Just take the
week, okay?

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Rose walks through the employee GARAGE. Her eyes are buzzing
with frustration. She unlocks her CAR and gets in.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rose just sits there for a moment, looking overwhelmed.

She INHALES deeply and closes her eyes... EXHALES, letting all the air out. Then repeats, meditatively focusing on taking CALMING BREATHS: IN... OUT... IN... OUT...

As Rose breathes, we gradually become aware of the SOUND OF SOMEONE ELSE BREATHING in exact cadence with her--

Rose's eyes snap open. She spins around, staring into the BACK SEAT... There's no one there. No one else breathing.

INT. ROSE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Rose drives, looking unsettled. She stops at a red light. Glances into the REAR VIEW -- at the empty back seat.

Rose chews on a fingernail. Her eyes drift to the PASSENGER WINDOW.

She's parallel with a STORE: *Fenton's Hobby Shoppe*. There are various old-fashioned toys, puzzles, and scale models in the display window, including an electric TRAIN SET.

HONK! The light's GREEN and the car behind has no patience.

INT. HOBBY SHOP - MINUTES LATER

Rose peruses the shop, looking woefully out of her element.

She walks along an aisle of various model village buildings, scenes, and tableaux. She pauses and leans down to inspect a MODEL HOUSE. Inside, a tiny WOMAN FIGURINE stands in the kitchen. A SECOND FIGURINE is standing directly behind her, but it's strangely (and eerily) unpainted and featureless...

PROPRIETOR (O.S.)
Looking for something special?

Rose spins around. The overly-friendly PROPRIETOR is standing there (a little too close), smiling at her.

EXT. HOBBY SHOP - MINUTES LATER

SPYING THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW, Rose is at the register. The proprietor shows off a hand-painted TRAIN CABOOSE. Rose shrugs, then nods. The proprietor places it into a GIFT BOX with tissue paper, while Rose chews on a nail nervously.

INT. REFRIGERATOR - ROSE'S HOUSE - EVENING

DARKNESS. We're INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR facing out as Rose OPENS THE DOOR. She reaches into the cold electric light and withdraws a BOTTLE OF WHITE WINE.

Rose shuts the door, plunging us to BLACK.

INT. HALL CLOSET - EVENING

INSIDE A DARK CLOSET now, facing out again, as Rose OPENS THE DOOR. She grabs a ROLL OF GIFT WRAP from a shelf.

She closes the door, sending us back to BLACK.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Rose sits at the kitchen table, carefully measuring the wrapping paper for the GIFT BOX containing the train piece.

She uses SCISSORS to make a cut in the wrapping paper. Begins neatly folding up the sides.

Her cell BUZZES with a text.

*TREVOR: Just finishing w a client.
Ready to leave when I get home?*

She taps out a response and sets her phone down. She picks up her glass of wine, finishing the last sip.

Rose gets up with her empty glass and goes over to the bottle resting on the kitchen island. Pours a refill.

She stands there in the heavy silence of the house, thoughts filled with nagging anxiety...

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Rose nearly has a heart attack as the house's security alarm suddenly SCREECHES deafeningly--

ROSE
(barely audible under alarm)
WHAT THE FUCK?!

Rose instinctively crouches down, totally caught off guard. Her eyes dart around, as if an explanation might appear.

INT. FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

With the alarm still BLARING -- Rose cautiously approaches the front door, gripping the scissors at her side. The door is closed.

Rose turns to the SECURITY PANEL on the wall. Taps in a code -- the alarm falls SILENT.

She looks at the front door again. It's still locked. Rose turns and glances behind her...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rose leans into the room and turns on the lights. Her vision immediately lands on the DOOR TO THE BACKYARD - it's ajar.

Her eyes scan the rest of the room. Nothing appears out of place. She looks at the open door again...

RING RING! The LANDLINE rings out like a gunshot, startling Rose all over again.

She rushes over to an end table and grabs the cordless HOUSE PHONE, answering while staring at that open door:

ROSE

Hello?

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

This is First Line Security. May I have your name and the pass code?

ROSE

Rose Cotter. Um-- "Acapulco."

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

Ma'am, we've detected a door alarm.

ROSE

Yeah, I just found my back door open. But I didn't set the alarm.

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

Are you alone in the house, Ma'am?

ROSE

Yes.

DISPATCHER (PHONE)

Are you sure?

ROSE
...What?

DISPATCHER (PHONE)
Are you sure you're alone, Rose?

Rose's heart leaps into her throat.

DISPATCHER (PHONE) VOICE IN THE ROOM (O.S.)
Look behind you. **Look behind you.**

Rose is nearly paralyzed with fright. She slowly begins to turn her head, dreading what she's going to see...

RING RING! The phone suddenly TRILLS sharply in her hand again, shaving a few more years off Rose's life--

Rose whirls around. There's no one behind her. She's alone.

She answers the phone ringing in her hand with a whisper:

ROSE
...hello?

DISPATCHER (PHONE)
This is First Line Security. May I have your name and the pass code?

Off Rose's very freaked out face, we CUT TO:

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An EXTREME HIGH AND WIDE ANGLE of the house. A POLICE CRUISER is parked in the driveway, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS slowly rotating, lighting up the dark swath of skinny trees.

Our high POV is eerily GLIDING DOWN toward the house. As we draw closer, we can see a FIGURE moving around the backyard, methodically sweeping a FLASHLIGHT around...

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Rose leans against her car, eyes filled with stress as she absentmindedly gnaws on a fingernail.

She looks up as TWO POLICE OFFICERS exit the house.

OFFICER CHAN
We did a full sweep inside and out, it's all clear. There's no sign anyone was here.

ROSE
What about the back door?

OFFICER CHAN
Is it possible it wasn't fully
latched last time it was used?

Rose shrugs and shakes her head, feeling ridiculous.

OFFICER WILKES
Hey, I wouldn't worry about it. These
false alarms happen all the time.

HEADLIGHTS draw Rose's attention as Trevor's car pulls into
the driveway. She waves awkwardly at him.

OFFICER CHAN
If anything else comes up, you can
give us a call.

ROSE
Okay. Thanks. I'm sorry again.

The officers nod at Rose and then walk down the driveway
toward their patrol vehicle. Trevor steps out of his car.

OFFICER CHAN
Evening, sir.

TREVOR
Uh, evening?

The cops get into their car. Trevor looks to Rose, confused.

INT. FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Rose and Trevor enter the house together.

TREVOR
I don't understand. You set the alarm
after you got home?

ROSE
No. I mean... I didn't *think* I did.
Unless I somehow set it by accident.

Trevor raises his eyebrows at her. Rose sighs.

ROSE
Sorry, I've just been in this, like,
foggy... weird-creepy-spacey place all
day.

(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)

I can't seem to get my brain off what happened with that patient yesterday. And I guess I haven't really been sleeping much lately...

(exhales like "blah")

I'm just glad you're home.

Trevor nods, perhaps a bit too much.

TREVOR

Uh-huh. Well, look, I do still have to go to my boss's charity thing, but you should totally feel free to stay home and just take it easy if you want.

Rose balks. Attempts to reverse course:

ROSE

Oh. No, I'm fine. I was just venting is all. Really, I'm fine. I just have to get dressed, and we can still go. I know it's important to you.

Trevor hesitates, as if this wasn't a response he hoped for.

TREVOR

You sure? Cause if you're tired, you can totally just skip it. It's gonna be lame anyway. I just have to show face with my boss, so I'm just gonna pop over there for like an hour tops, if you just wanna hang.

ROSE

Hey, stop. I just said I'm fine.

TREVOR

Yeah. No, I heard you, it's just--

ROSE

Do you not want me to go or something?

TREVOR

Obviously I want you to go. That's why I *invited* you.

ROSE

Great. Then I'll just throw on a dress, and we'll go.

TREVOR

Okay. Great.

Rose hurries away. Trevor stands there, vexed.

INT. POSH HOTEL BAR VENUE - NIGHT

A private party at an upscale venue. Various white-collar types and their plus ones circulate with drinks and canapes.

Rose (wearing a dress) is standing with Trevor as a FINANCE BRO (mid-30s) talks at him.

FINANCE BRO
Oh, did you hear that fucking *Díaz*
got the Pembroke Account?

Trevor is only half-listening, while craning his neck around, as if looking for someone.

TREVOR
Yup.

Rose is downing a glass of champagne, a little too quickly.

FINANCE BRO
Man, I'd cut my dick off for the
Pembroke Account.

A FEMALE COLLEAGUE (mid-30s) edges her way over to them.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE
Hey you fucks hear *Díaz* got the
Pembroke Account?

FINANCE BRO
Fucking Díaz.

The Female Colleague notices Rose.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE
Who's this? You bring a date?

Rose awkwardly tries to swallow a mouthful of champagne.

ROSE
I'm Rose. Trevor's fiancée. Hi.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE
No shit? Trevor, I didn't know you
were engaged? What the fuck?

Trevor is barely paying attention, still scanning the party.

TREVOR
Huh? Oh yeah.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE
What's he doing?

FINANCE BRO
He's looking for the old man so he
can go kiss his ass.

Trevor spots a BALDING MAN (60s) on the other side of the
room who seems to be the object of everyone's attention.

TREVOR
I'll be right back.
(turns to Rose)
You're good here a sec, right?

ROSE
(not at all)
Um. Yeah. No problem.

Trevor weaves off into the crowd.

Female Colleague settles her focus on Rose again.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE
So what do you do?

ROSE
I'm a clinical psychiatrist.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE
Yuck. Why?

SERVER (O.S.)
Champagne?

ROSE
Oh god, please--

Rose turns toward the server, thankful for an escape. She
reaches for a flute and then suddenly FREEZES--

LAURA is holding the serving tray, dressed like the rest of
the catering staff.

Rose steps back in disbelief, visibly freaked out.

Laura smiles at Rose.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Elegant polished tile and pleasing lighting. Rose pushes through the door, taking shallow, unsteady breaths.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN washing her hands glances over at Rose. Rose tries to hide her panic with an unconvincing smile.

Rose moves to a sink mirror, sniffing back the threat of tears. She busies herself with checking her makeup.

The other woman finishes drying her hands. As she passes by Rose, she gently touches her shoulder.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Trust me, hon, whoever he is, he
ain't worth it.

The woman opens the door and exits.

Rose stares at herself the mirror. She grabs a paper towel and dabs the corners of her eyes, taking preventative measures against wet mascara.

ROSE

Stop it.

The sound of the DOOR OPENING again -- Rose turns and beelines it into a STALL, closing the door, HIDING. She sits.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO inside the bathroom. They move closer, halting right outside Rose's stall.

The stall door RATTLES as someone tries to open it.

ROSE

Uh, yeah, occupied!

The rattling ceases. The person on the other side begins to WHISTLE. It's an unmistakable tune: "You Are My Sunshine."

Rose's breath catches in her throat, unnerved by the song. She listens as the WHISTLER moves...

...into the STALL next to hers. The whistling grows LOUDER.

Rose sits there in a frozen panic, staring at the divider as the whistling grows bizarrely SHRILL. Then:

PALE FINGERS curl over the top of the divider, gripping the metal. The top of a HEAD eerily begins to rise above the divider: wet, stringy hair over a deathly pale forehead...

...the whistling grows to a FEVER PITCH as a pair of horrible WIDE EYES stare down menacingly at Rose...

Rose finally comes unglued, lurching off of the toilet -- she fumbles with the door lock and erupts out of the stall--

--collapsing against a sink, and staring back at the stall she just emerged from...

There's no whistling. No one in the adjacent stall.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)

Uhhhh?

Rose JUMPS. TWO YOUNG WOMEN in tight dresses are standing by another sink, gawking at Rose like she's a hot mess.

OTHER YOUNG WOMAN

Hey are you alright?

Rose stares at the two women. Her eyes are crazed.

ROSE

Yes.

Rose quickly moves past them, bolting for the bathroom door.

INT. POSH HOTEL BAR VENUE - CONTINUOUS

Rose emerges back into the din of the party.

She blindly weaves through the other party goers, keeping her head down. She nearly collides with a SERVER carrying a tray of drinks, abruptly forced to change direction...

Rose stumbles right into the center of a GROUP OF PEOPLE--

TREVOR (O.S.)

...Rose?

Rose freezes, a deer in headlights. TREVOR is among the group she just barged into. The BALDING MAN (his boss) is right next to him, as if she interrupted them mid-convo.

Rose feels the entire group's eyes on her. Her face is a frightful wet mess of BLACK MASCARA.

Trevor's face drops.

TREVOR

Are you okay?

ROSE
(tears flowing)
I... I-- I'm sorry.

Rose hides her face, backing away and turning for an exit--

ROSE COLLIDES WITH A SERVER CARRYING A FULL TRAY OF GLASSES!

Glass EXPLODES as Rose get tangled up with the server and
FALLS INTO A TABLE knocking it over with a THUNDEROUS CRASH!

ROSE
FUCK!!

Rose scrambles back up from the floor, wobbly. A hundred
heads have turned in her direction and are staring at her.

Trevor looks mortified.

Rose is beyond appalled.

She FLEES for the exit, SLAMMING through the door and out of
the building. We STAY BEHIND to see the entire party
silently gawking...

After a moment, Trevor awkwardly sets his drink down and
jogs for the exit.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Trevor emerges outside. He spots Rose walking fifty feet
ahead and runs after her.

TREVOR
Rose!?

Rose stops. Her face is totally freaked out.

TREVOR
What happened? Are you okay!?

ROSE
I need to go home. I'm sorry.

TREVOR
Talk to me! *What* just happened?

ROSE
Nothing! I don't know! I'm sorry!

TREVOR
Jesus! Rose, what the fuck!?

ROSE
I just need to go, okay?! Please?!

Trevor stares at Rose in disbelief. She's really upset.

INT. BATHROOM - ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rose sits in front of her vanity, exhausted, removing her ruined makeup. Her eyes are racked with anxiety.

She winces in pain. Unzips her dress and turns to inspect her SIDE in the mirror. A big PURPLE BRUISE is forming.

She scrolls through her phone. Her thumb hovers over a name: *MADELINE*. Rose chews a nail, deliberating... Then hits call.

After several rings, a WOMAN'S subdued voice answers:

MADELINE (PHONE)
Hello? Rose..?

ROSE
Hi, um...

MADELINE (PHONE)
Is everything alright, dear?

ROSE
Yeah, no everything's fine. I'm sorry for calling so late.

MADELINE (PHONE)
Not at all. It's nice to hear your voice again. What's on your mind?

Rose squeezes her eyes shut, uncomfortable.

ROSE
I know it's super last minute, but is there any possible chance I could come by tomorrow? Maybe? Just to chat.

MADELINE (PHONE)
Tomorrow..?
(slight hesitation)
Of course. I'll be in around nine. Can you come by then?

ROSE
Yes. I'll be there, thank you.

MADELINE (PHONE)
*Rose, is there anything you feel you
 want to tell me right now?*

ROSE
 No. No, it's nothing so urgent.

MADELINE (PHONE)
*Alright. Then I look forward to
 seeing you tomorrow.*

ROSE
 Thank you. And sorry again. Bye.

MADELINE (PHONE) ROSE
Rose--? --Oh, yes?

MADELINE (PHONE)
It's good you called.

ROSE
 Okay. Bye.

Rose hangs up. She stares at the phone, full of uncertainty.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor sits on the couch. A recap of the day's stock exchange plays on the TV, the volume at a low burble.

Rose lingers in the doorway in pajamas, staring at the back of Trevor's head. She takes a timid step into the room.

ROSE
 Hey. Can we talk a sec..?

Trevor doesn't turn his head or acknowledge her.

ROSE
 Trevor..?

Nothing. She takes a cautious few steps forward...

...now we see Trevor has EARBUDS in and is on his LAPTOP.

Not wanting to startle him, Rose awkwardly attempts to move closer and into Trevor's periphery, waving her arm.

ROSE
 Trevor..? Trevor... Trevor--

Trevor STARTLES at the sudden sight of Rose right next to him, which causes her to also JUMP BACK in reaction--

TREVOR
Wha--! Jesus!

ROSE
--Sorry!

Trevor exhales sharply and pulls his earbuds out.

TREVOR
What is it?

Rose collects herself.

ROSE
I just... I wanted to apologize. For tonight. For the way I acted.

Trevor's frustration softens, but only slightly.

TREVOR
Don't worry about it.

Trevor returns to his laptop screen.

ROSE
...That patient I told you about - the one who died?

He looks back up at her, realizing there's more.

ROSE
The truth is it's affected me more than I was willing to admit.

TREVOR
Okay. And what does that mean?

Rose exhales, looking vulnerable.

ROSE
It's like... I have this feeling of *anxiety* that just won't go away. I have moments where I experience these attacks that feel... I dunno, surreal? And *overwhelming*. That's what happened tonight. It might be symptoms of post-traumatic stress - which *would* make sense. But I've been keeping you in the dark about it, which isn't fair. I was embarrassed, and... I'm sorry.

Trevor absorbs this. If anything he looks more concerned.

TREVOR
Well, should we like call someone,
or..? I mean how concerning is this?

ROSE
What-? No. I'm just trying to
communicate with you.

TREVOR
Well, I wish you would have
communicated that *earlier*...

Rose grabs Trevor's hand.

ROSE
I know. I'm sorry. But, I don't want
you to worry. I'm dealing with it.
I'm gonna go see Madeline tomorrow.

TREVOR
Who?

ROSE
Madeline. The therapist I used to see?
I've definitely mentioned her to you.

TREVOR
Okay. Well is there anything I can do?

ROSE
No. No, you're great. Thank you for
understanding. I love you.

Trevor hesitates for just a microsecond too long.

TREVOR
You too... But look I really gotta get
a bunch of emails out tonight, so...

He pulls his hand from hers, returning to his laptop.

ROSE
Okay... Hey, have you seen Mustache?

TREVOR
No, why?

ROSE
I can't find him. I'm worried he
might have gotten out.

TREVOR
He's a cat. He'll show back up.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Rose RATTLES dry cat food inside a metal bowl.

ROSE
Mustache...? *Psspsspsspss...* Mustache!

Rose sets the food bowl down on the back porch stairs. She sits down beside it and massages her face, exhausted.

INT. HALLWAY IN A HOUSE - DAY

We're SLOWLY MOVING DOWN an unfamiliar HALLWAY toward a CLOSED DOOR. As we arrive, it CREAKS OPEN, revealing:

INT. DISHEVELED BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The messy bedroom from the film's opening shot. The DEAD WOMAN is lying twisted in the bed sheets, the same as we last saw her: eyes staring right at us, mouth frozen agape.

We MOVE IN closer and closer on the woman, until her FACE fills the entire frame...

THE DEAD WOMAN SUDDENLY GASPS FOR AIR--

INT. BEDROOM - ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

--Rose JOLTS up in bed, PANTING. She's drenched in sweat.

She glances over at Trevor, who's asleep on his side with his back to her (as he does). Rose sucks her breath in, desperate not to wake him... He doesn't stir.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The dark house is bathed in moonlight. A DIM LIGHT appears in the kitchen.

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
*...smiling at me with this... this
god-awful smile. Then he started
hitting himself in the face...*

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rose sits at the kitchen table with her laptop, wearing HEADPHONES. She's playing back a DIGITAL RECORDING:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
...Like he wanted me to watch him die.

Rose fast forwards... Presses play:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
...I saw it, standing in my apartment hallway...

She fast forwards again... Plays:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
...can look like anyone. A friend. Or a stranger. People who are supposed to be dead - like that professor... I see it everywhere--

Fast forward. Plays:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
...bad feeling that something terrible is about to happen to me!

She runs it forward again. Hits play, and we hear the frantic sounds of LAURA FREAKING OUT:

LAURA'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Get away from me! GET AWAY FROM ME!
(scuffling)
HELP! HELP ME! NOOO! AHHHH!!!!

Rose lets it keep playing and we relive the uncomfortable sounds of Laura's SHRIEKING HYSTERICS.

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
I have a patient emergency in Eval-2. I need staff in here! Right now! Hurry!

The hysterics go silent. Then:

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Laura..?

A strange, SOFT SOUND CRACKLES on the recording - like an unintelligible WHISPER. Rose pauses the recording, puzzled. She rewinds it. Plays it again...

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Laura..?

WHISPER (RECORDING)
(very quiet)

Roosssss...

Rose rewinds. Ups the volume. Presses play and leans in...

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Laura..?

WHISPER (RECORDING)
Rooooosse...

Pause. Rewind. More volume. Play...

We go ECU on Rose's face as she listens with intensity...

ROSE'S VOICE (RECORDING)
Laura..?

...Nothing. No whisper, just dead air...

Rose's eyes narrow, confused. She leans back, revealing a
 FRIGHTENING PALE FACE GRINNING right next to her:

PALE FACE
ROSE!!!

Rose SCREAMS and kicks backward, falling out of her chair--

Still SCREAMING, she lurches up and backs into the counter.
 Her hand finds the knife block and draws a large KNIFE--

ROSE
Aahh! Aaahhhh!!

Rose wields the knife out in front of her, *eyes frantically searching the dim kitchen for whatever the fuck that was...*

But she appears to be all alone...

TREVOR BURSTS INTO THE KITCHEN IN HIS BOXERS--

TREVOR
 Rose!? What is--

Rose SHRIEKS and angles the knife toward Trevor--

TREVOR
 AHH WHAT THE FUCK?!

Trevor backs against the wall, raising his palms in fear--

TREVOR
 Rose, put the knife down!

Rose's eyes are crazed. The knife trembles in her grip.

TREVOR

Rose!!

INT. LUXURY SUV (MOVING) - MORNING

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays on the radio. A well-appointed WOMAN in her fifties DRIVES. She turns into an OFFICE PARK.

As she pulls up to one of the brick buildings, we spot Rose waiting out front. She looks like a nervous mess.

The woman (DR. MADELINE CARLYLE) glances at the clock in her dash: 8:39am. Outside, Rose is waving anxiously at her.

INT. MADELINE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Madeline's office is as well-appointed as she is. Designer seating. Art on the walls. The benefits of private practice.

Rose looks very uncomfortable being on the other side of the proverbial couch. Her leg jostles with nervous energy.

ROSE

...It wasn't even so much the *blood*.
Not that *that* wasn't awful... It was
the *look* on her face...

Rose makes an acrid face, reliving the mental image.

MADELINE

How did it make you feel?

ROSE

Terrified - *obviously*... And helpless.
Vulnerable. Confused. Guilty.

MADELINE

Guilty?

ROSE

She was *my* patient.

MADELINE

She was a disturbed young woman you only met for ten minutes. That she happened to walk through your door instead of any other therapist's doesn't mean the outcome would have been any different.

ROSE
I just... I feel like I've gotten *stuck*
on it. I can't get it out of my head.

MADELINE
Is it possible this could actually be
more about your *mother's* suicide?

A charged pause as Rose considers the question.

MADELINE
Do you still think about it often?

ROSE
Of course I do.

MADELINE
And do you still blame yourself?

ROSE
(defensive)
I don't *blame* myself. It's just that
I was *there*. Anyways, I'm not really
looking to re-litigate *that* part of
my life right now, so...

MADELINE
Fair enough. How are things at home?

ROSE
With Trevor...? Things are fine... I
mean... He can be a little preoccupied
with his own stuff. But so can I... I
don't know, I guess sometimes it feels
like we've arrived at this place where
each of us is afraid to rock the boat,
and so instead of ever having an *honest*
conversation, we just keep pretending
everything *is* fine. Which it *is*... I
don't want to talk about Trevor either.

MADELINE
What would you *like* to talk about?

Rose shifts uncomfortably.

ROSE
...I was hoping you could write me a
script for Risperdal?

Madeline raises her eyebrows, surprised.

ROSE

Ever since that patient, I've been...
(embarrassed to say it)
...seeing things. And hearing things.
I think it's symptoms of post-trauma.

MADELINE

Let's avoid any self-diagnosis. What
is it you're seeing and hearing?

ROSE

Just fleeting moments of stress-
induced hallucinations... But while
it's happening it feels so-- so
corporeal, and unsettling. I just...
I don't want everything to suddenly
fall apart, you know?

MADELINE

Rose, from here, you don't seem
delusional or disordered to me.
Certainly not *psychotic*. In my
opinion, what you're experiencing is
the triggering of old anxieties,
compounded with too much stress and
not enough sleep. You have wounds
that have never fully healed. And
it's possible they never will
completely - that's the nature of
trauma. But that doesn't mean we
can't find ways to take back *control*.

Rose seems very uncertain about what Madeline is saying.

MADELINE

Are you still working?

ROSE

I'm taking a short hiatus.

MADELINE

Good. If you want my advice - use
that time to do something different.
Something boring. Or even better,
something you *enjoy* that might even
make you smile. Anything that will
get your mind off the triggers
causing you stress... I also think it
would be helpful to resume our
regular sessions again.

Rose nods.

ROSE

What about the Risperdal? I was thinking... just to have it. Just in case.

MADELINE

Let's talk again next week, before we consider any medication. In the meantime, you can always call me.

INT. BATHROOM - ROSE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rose sits at her vanity, putting on just a touch of makeup. She takes a deep breath. Practices smiling in the mirror.

Rose lets the smile drop. Her eyes are uneasy.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rose browses the clothes hanging in her WALK-IN CLOSET.

MOMENTS LATER

Rose stands in front of a mirror wearing a casual sundress. She smooths a wrinkle with her hand. Puts on a smile.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Rose parks on the side of a RESIDENTIAL STREET.

She tilts the rear view toward herself and fixes a loose strand of hair. Practices the smile again.

Rose reaches over to the passenger seat and picks up the GIFT WRAPPED BOX (the electric train set for her nephew).

INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

The FRONT DOOR OPENS to reveal Rose holding the present, SMILING her practiced smile.

HOLLY

Oh my god you made it!

Holly swarms Rose with a big hug.

ROSE

Surprise!

Holly ushers Rose into the house. We can hear the raucous sounds of a CHILD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY within.

HOLLY
I thought you had to work?

ROSE
I decided to take the day off.

Holly leads Rose into the LIVING ROOM, which is decorated (train-themed) for a seven year old's birthday. Children run around, jacked up on sugar, while parents gossip idly.

JACKSON (7) zooms by leading a gaggle of other children --

HOLLY
Jackson! Look who's here!

ROSE
Happy birthday, Jackson!

Jackson stops on a dime and gives Rose a silly smile and a big, exaggerated thumbs up.

JACKSON
Cool dude!

And then he's immediately off again.

HOLLY
Here, let me take this.

Holly relieves Rose of the GIFT she brought. Holly suddenly notices something O.S.:

HOLLY
Greg! No. I told you not to bring those out yet!

Holly pushes Rose forward into a circle of her MOM FRIENDS.

HOLLY
Ladies, I have to go corral my dipshit husband. Can one of you show my sister to the grown-up refreshments?

HOLLY'S FRIEND
Sure!

Holly walks off. Her friend takes Rose's arm.

HOLLY'S FRIEND

We've got a stash in the kitchen.
Hey you're a therapist, right?

ROSE

Oh, um, yeah.

HOLLY'S FRIEND

Oh my gosh, you have to tell me all
about what that's like!

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

From OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE, we're peering into the KITCHEN, where several of the PARTY GUESTS are gabbing with drinks in their hands. Rose stands among them, looking very out of place, awkwardly nodding along and trying her best to smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOLLY'S HOUSE - LATER

WHOOSH -- a MATCH strikes to life, and the flaming tip is applied to the wick of a CANDLE shaped like a 7 atop a cake.

With the lights dimmed, all the guests begin to sing:

PARTY GUESTS

Happy birthday to you...
(continues over:)

All eyes are on Jackson standing excited above the cake. But our focus is on Rose, who lingers near the back, struggling to be in the moment, only half-singing every other word.

We PUSH IN closer and closer on Rose...

TEN MINUTES LATER

The lights are back on and now everyone (children and parents) has gathered to watch Jackson OPEN PRESENTS.

Jackson tears the paper off a giant SUPER SOAKER water gun.

JACKSON

So cool! Thanks Harper! Thanks
Harper's mom!

Jackson turns to his pile of presents, thoughtfully choosing which to open next. He picks up the GIFT Rose brought.

HOLLY

That one's from your Aunt Rose!

Jackson flashes a big smile at Rose, who sits among the adults, watching. She gives him a smiling thumbs up.

He tears the carefully wrapped paper away. His little fingers remove the top from the box. The parents and other children sit in anticipation as he parts the tissue paper.

Jackson hesitates.

HOLLY
What'd you get, sweetheart?

Jackson reaches into the box and lifts something up covered in BLACK AND WHITE FUR, confused...

Rose's face drops as realization dawns:

It's her cat MUSTACHE, dead-stiff and sticky with blood.

Rose rises out of her chair.

ROSE
No... Nononono--!

She lunges at Jackson and rips her dead cat from his hands.

ROSE
Mustache! Oh my god! NO!

Rose hugs the dead cat against her chest. Jackson bursts into TEARS. Several of the other CHILDREN START CRYING.

The adults stare at Rose in stunned horror.

ROSE
I didn't... It wasn't me! I-- I...

Rose HYPERVENTILATES. Her eyes are crazed with panic.

ROSE
YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME!! I--

Rose suddenly spots LAURA standing among the guests, smiling malevolently at her. No one else seems to notice her.

ROSE
No... Go the fuck away! LEAVE ME ALONE!
(points)
Do you see her!? Right there!

Rose desperately glances around the room as the other parents nervously pull their children back, shielding them.

Rose turns forward again --

LAURA IS NOW STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER GRINNING--

ROSE

AHHH!

Rose stumbles backwards -- the back of her legs bump against a GLASS COFFEE TABLE --

SHE TRIPS AND FALLS THROUGH THE TABLE EXPLODING THE GLASS!

Rose sits up inside the wreckage, BLEEDING from several large cuts - she SCREAMS HER FUCKING HEAD OFF as the entire party descends into HYSTERICAL CHAOS!

INT. HOSPITAL - ER ROOM - EVENING

Rose sits on an exam table, staring into the void with eyes full of terrible, earth-shattering realization.

An ER NURSE wraps gauze around Rose's left forearm. Her right arm is also bandaged. Her dress is covered in blood.

Holly sits nearby, glowering at Rose.

ER NURSE

You can change the dressings at home,
but avoid getting the sutures wet.

(then)

Glass can be really nasty. You're
lucky this wasn't worse.

The nurse rises.

ER NURSE

I'll be back with a tetanus shot.

The nurse departs the room. Rose looks down at her bandages.

HOLLY

Rose...

(no response)

Rose.

Rose glances over at Holly, as if only now noticing she's still there.

ROSE

What..?

HOLLY

What do you mean, *what?! I need you to start explaining. Right now.*

Rose squeezes her eyes shut, trembling.

ROSE

Holly, there's something happening to me... Something... *impossible.*

HOLLY

I'm sorry, *what?*

ROSE

I-- I don't know how to explain it.

HOLLY

...Rose, did you kill your cat?!

ROSE

No! I swear to you. Holly, please! I wouldn't!

HOLLY

I don't even know what to say to you right now.

Holly's phone BUZZES with a text. She checks it.

HOLLY

Trevor just got here. I have to go find him.

Holly rises and leaves. Rose buries her face in her hands, just absolutely beyond herself.

KNOCK-KNOCK. Rose looks up. Dr. Ingram leans in the doorway.

DR. INGRAM

Hi Rose.

ROSE

Oh... *fffuck.*

DR. INGRAM

I heard you were brought into the ER and I just wanted to come down and check in on you. Are you okay?

From the look on Rose's face, she most certainly is not.

ROSE
(unconvincing)
It was... just an accident. I'm fine.
Really. Thank you.

DR. INGRAM
They said you had a *panic attack*?

Rose is distracted by what's occurring out in the CORRIDOR:
Holly is speaking to Trevor. We can't hear what's being
said, but Holly appears incensed. Trevor looks concerned.

DR. INGRAM
Truthfully, Rose, I'm concerned about
you. Not as your boss, but as your
friend. I think you need to consider
how you've been managing your own
mental health. Are you seeing anyone
professionally right now..?
(no response)
...Rose, are you listening to me?

But Rose isn't listening - she's watching as Holly
gesticulates wildly at Trevor out in the corridor.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Trevor drives Rose home. The awkward silence is palpable.

Trevor pulls into their driveway and turns the engine off.
He reaches for his door handle--

ROSE
Wait.

He hesitates. Looks over at Rose. She swallows.

ROSE
I need to tell you something, and I
need you to listen and know that I'm
not crazy. I'm not in shock. I'm
completely lucid. This is me, okay?

TREVOR
...Okay?

ROSE
Something is happening to me. Or,
being done to me. Or, I don't know.
(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)
The past few days, I've been
experiencing stuff - horrifying,
impossible things that I was certain
could only have been hallucinations.
But I was wrong. It's *real*.

Trevor opens his door--

TREVOR
Look, let's just go inside and--

Rose reaches across him and YANKS his door closed again--

ROSE
--Wait! Just *listen* to me!

Trevor stares at her, looking trapped and uneasy.

ROSE
I am being *attacked* by some kind
of... *presence*. Some spirit, or
energy, or... some incarnation of
evil. I don't know what it is, but I
think it killed my patient, and now,
it's *attached* itself to me somehow.
And I'm scared, Trevor. I'm fucking
terrified that something bad is going
to happen.

Trevor shakes his head in disbelief.

ROSE
Please Trevor. Please please please...

TREVOR
I don't know what you want me to say.

ROSE
I want you to *believe* me!

TREVOR
You're talking about fucking *ghosts*!

ROSE
I never said it was a ghost!

TREVOR
Okay, I can't--

Trevor opens his door and gets out of the car. Rose
scrambles to open her door to follow him.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rose runs after Trevor, stepping in front of him and blocking his path, forcing him to stop.

ROSE
Don't you think I know how this sounds? How difficult it is for me to admit this?

TREVOR
Rose, *listen* to what you're saying. What would you think if a *patient* told you what you just said to me?

ROSE
This is *not* mental illness!

TREVOR
But it's genetic, isn't it?

ROSE
...*What?*

TREVOR
Mental illness. You can inherit it from a parent. I looked it up.

ROSE
(aghast)
Why would you have looked that up?!

TREVOR
Because I needed to know what I was potentially hitching my *entire life* to, okay? Is that so fucking unfair?

Rose is speechless.

TREVOR
Look, I'm going in.

Trevor moves around Rose, but she grabs his arm:

ROSE
Trevor, this is *real*. I'm in trouble. I need you.

TREVOR
Let go of me.

She relinquishes his arm.

ROSE
Trevor, please!

TREVOR
I can't do this right now, Rose!

He moves past her and heads for the front door. Rose stands there, alone and devastated.

INT. ROSE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rose sits in front of her vanity, staring at her reflection. She looks positively miserable.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Wearing sweats, Rose opens the TRASHCAN and drops her bloody sundress inside. She stares at the ruined dress laying beside her ruined cashmere sweater, atop a pile of garbage.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rose timidly peeks into the living room. Trevor is lying on the couch with a blanket and a pillow. Sleeping alone.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dim, lit only by a bedside LAMP. Rose lies in bed, chewing a finger nail and looking at her laptop.

ON SCREEN: an article: *"Spiritualism: a Beginner's Guide."*

She scrolls a bit... then clicks open a new internet tab, and searches: *University of Colorado professor suicide.*

Clicks on an article: *Deranged Professor Dead of Suicide.*

We catch glimpses: *tenured Art History professor; nervous breakdown; "he always seemed so normal"; used a hammer.*

Rose lingers over a FACULTY PHOTO of GABRIEL MUNOZ (50s). He's perfectly normal looking, if not handsome for a prof.

CRICK-SNAP-POP. Rose looks up from her laptop. *What was that?* Her eyes shift toward--

THE WALK-IN CLOSET

The open doorway is like a black hole in the wall. CREEAK...

Rose picks up her PHONE from the night stand. Turns on the FLASHLIGHT. Trembling, she points it toward the closet...

The light reveals nothing but clothes in the shadows inside.

Rose swallows. Turns off the light and puts the phone down.

She picks up her laptop again and enters a new search: *Gabriel Munoz University of Colorado*. She clicks on a Faculty Bio page and scrolls through the information...

CRİK-POP-POP. Rose snaps her head toward the dark closet again, really spooked. Her breathing accelerates.

She gets out of bed and slowly approaches the closet... Flips on the LIGHT inside:

There's nothing there. It's just clothes.

Rose looks like she's on the edge of a panic attack. She turns the light back off and crawls back into bed.

She closes her laptop. Turns off the bedside lamp, then lies back on her pillow, face beset with unease.

We stare downwards at Rose lying in the dark, gazing up at the ceiling with wide, paranoid eyes.

CREEAAK. Rose squeezes her eyes shut, shaking her head in denial.

CRİK-CRAK-POP. Rose's eyes pop open again. Her breathing goes incredibly erratic. She's too scared to look.

She rolls onto her side, facing away from the closet.

CREEAAK.

ANGLE CLOSE ON: Rose's terrified FACE. In the soft focus of the b.g., we can just barely see a SILHOUETTE standing in the doorway of the closet, moonlight glinting off a SMILE.

We hold on Rose lying there, her eyes huge with angst...

The CHIME OF A DOORBELL bridges us to:

EXT. TWO-STORY TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

Rose stands on the front stoop of a TOWNHOUSE, looking like she didn't sleep at all. She RINGS the doorbell again...

The door OPENS a crack, revealing a WOMAN'S bloodshot eyes.

ROSE
Are you Victoria Munoz?

VICTORIA
What do you want?

ROSE
I'm so sorry to bother you, but I was hoping I could ask you some questions about your husband Gabriel?

VICTORIA
Haven't you reporters written enough awful things about him? Leave me alone.

BANG! The door slams in Rose's face.

ROSE
Everything they wrote about him was wrong. I believe he was a *victim*.
Mrs. Munoz, please. I can help...

The door cracks open again. The eyes inside study Rose.

INT. MUNOZ TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The shades are drawn, as if to keep the outside world out.

Rose sits across from VICTORIA MUNOZ (50s), who numbly nurses a mug of tea, looking emotionally debilitated.

VICTORIA
He had been out of town at one of these academic conferences he used to go to every year. When he came back, he was different. On edge. I could tell *something* had bothered him, but he refused to talk about what had happened. He was paranoid. He'd wake up in the middle of the night, screaming. I never heard him scream before... Then he stopped sleeping all together. I'd catch him having these conversations with himself. He was *seeing* things. I tried to get him to go to the doctor, but he wouldn't listen. It was like he was suspicious of me. We'd been married for twenty-five years and suddenly I didn't even recognize him.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (cont'd)
(heavy pause)
Then one morning he was gone. Wouldn't
answer his phone. The next day, the
police called and said he was dead.

Victoria stares down into her mug, utterly distraught.

VICTORIA
They asked me to go down to identify
his body...

INT. MORGUE - QUICK FLASH

A WHITE SHEET IS PULLED BACK to reveal the DISFIGURED FACE OF GABRIEL MUNOZ: flesh swollen purple-black over fractured bones, mouth hanging open, jaw shattered and gruesomely distended to one side as if in a nightmarish SCREAM--

BACK TO SCENE

VICTORIA
His face... Twenty-five years of
marriage, but *that's* what I'm left
with to remember him.

Rose swallows, the wheels in her head turning.

ROSE
Did Gabriel ever describe *what* he'd
been seeing?

Victoria wipes away fresh tears and rises.

VICTORIA
Follow me.

INT. GABRIEL'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Victoria leads Rose into a small HOME OFFICE. Books and papers are strewn everywhere.

Rose's eyes go wide at a WALL manically plastered with IMAGES, TEXTS, and ARTICLES - like a web of conspiracy.

VICTORIA
Gabriel used to obsess over keeping
his study organized. I should take
all that down, but I can't stand
looking at it.

There are printouts of artistic renderings of DEMONS, EVIL SPIRITS, and MONSTERS in myriad media. Photocopies of religious texts and occult incantations.

Rose's eyes catch on a cartoonish ILLUSTRATION of an ANGUISHED MAN: the inside of his head is revealed in x-ray, and a tiny, cruel-looking IMP resides in his brain cavity.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

This is what Gabriel told me he saw.

Rose turns. Victoria gestures to an oak DRAFTING TABLE.

The table is covered with inspired CHARCOAL DRAWINGS of different people. All of them are smiling in a chillingly familiar way. Some have frighteningly exaggerated mouths.

Rose's breath hitches at the sight of the drawings.

ROSE

Gabriel drew these?

Victoria nods. She points to a particularly wicked drawing.

VICTORIA

This one is Gabriel's brother. He died in an accident twenty years ago.

Victoria frowns, repulsed.

VICTORIA

I don't know how he could even imagine such awful things.

ROSE

You said everything began after Gabriel returned from his conference. Did he mention if something happened to him there? Anything unusual?

Victoria looks at Rose with bewilderment.

VICTORIA

Of course. The woman who killed herself.

Rose's heart catches in her throat.

ROSE

Gabriel saw a woman commit suicide?

VICTORIA
I assumed you *knew* this? But no one
would report on that.

ROSE
Do you know the woman's name?

VICTORIA
I don't know. What does it matter?

ROSE
Did Gabriel say *why* he believed this
was happening to him?
(re: wall of stuff)
Did he find some *answer* in all this?

VICTORIA
...What are you talking about?

ROSE
Mrs. Munoz, listen to me. Gabriel
wasn't insane. This thing (drawings)
is *real*. I've *seen* it too. I think
this thing *murdered* him.

Victoria stares unblinkingly at Rose.

VICTORIA
What are you, a fucking nutcase? Some
kind of morbid fanatic?

ROSE
What-? No! Mrs. Munoz--

VICTORIA
I want you out of my house! Now!

ROSE
Wait, Mrs. Munoz, please! I need to
know about the woman Gabriel saw--

VICTORIA
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Rose hurries down the street, furiously tapping away at her
smartphone, looking something up.

ROSE (PRE-LAP)
M-U-N-O-Z, first name Gabriel...

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Parked on the side of the road, Rose is on the phone:

ROSE
I don't know the jurisdiction. That's
what I'm trying to figure out...
(listens)
Well who can give me that information?

TIME JUMP

Rose searches the internet on her phone for: *academic conference art history professor gabriel munoz*.

ROSE (PRE-LAP)
It would have been sometime in the
past two weeks or so...

TIME JUMP

Rose is on the phone again:

ROSE
No, I'm not a family member, but I...
(pause)
Okay, what if I was a family member?

TIME JUMP

Another call:

ROSE
No, I don't have the name, that's why
I'm calling...
(frustrated pause)
No, I was *already* on hold-- hello..!?

TIME JUMP

Rose stares into the void, absently chewing a fingernail.
She sits up suddenly, a thought forming.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LOBBY - DAY

Rose sits in a plastic chair, nervously jostling her leg.

She notices the DESK SERGEANT eyeing her with mild apprehension. Rose stops her leg from bouncing. The desk sergeant awkwardly looks away.

JOEL (O.S.)

Rose?

Joel (the detective from the hospital) approaches.

Rose stands up, fixing a loose strand of hair and attempting to smile. It's unconvincing.

ROSE

Hey.

JOEL

(noticing how she looks)

Are you okay..?

INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Joel leads Rose into his shoe-box sized OFFICE, closing the door. There's papers and folders and shit everywhere.

ROSE

When did you get your own office?

JOEL

Got a promotion about a year ago. I know. Try not to be overwhelmed by the luxury of it all.

ROSE

Congratulations.

JOEL

Uh-huh. So what's going on? You don't seem like yourself.

Rose sits down and exhales into her hands.

JOEL

(serious)

If somebody's hurt you, or...

ROSE

No, nothing like that. I need a favor, and you can't ask any questions.

JOEL

Okay well *that* seems exactly like the Rose I remember. What's the favor?

ROSE

Nine days ago, a man named Gabriel Munoz committed suicide.

(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)
I need to know if he had been
involved in any *other* recent police
reports.

Joel stares at Rose, thrown by the odd request.

ROSE
Please.

He sighs and sits down behind the computer on his desk.

JOEL
How do you spell the last name?

ROSE
M-U-N-O-Z.

Joel taps away at his keyboard, looking at a MONITOR Rose
(and we) can't see...

JOEL
I see the report on his death...
Okay, yeah, there is another incident
report here, from a week earlier.
It's from a precinct upstate.

ROSE
What was it for?

JOEL
(skimming)
...He gave a witness statement. A
woman staying in the same hotel as
him committed suicide. Kind of a
weird coincidence?

ROSE
Does it say her name? The woman?

JOEL
Angela Powell. Some real estate agent.
(grimaces)
Jesus...

ROSE
What?

JOEL
There's a crime scene photo.

ROSE
Show it to me.

JOEL
Um, well this *is* kinda evidence, you
know? We're not really allowed to--

Rose grabs the monitor, swiveling it around so she can see.

JOEL
--Oh sure, help yourself. Great.

ON SCREEN: a photo of ANGELA POWELL (40s), slumped against
the wall of the hotel elevator. There are gaping HOLES WHERE
HER EYES SHOULD BE. Her thumbs are covered in BLOOD.

ROSE
Holy shit...

JOEL
Yeah...

Rose stands up, full of fresh, nervous energy. She paces.

ROSE
Okay. Okay... Can you do the same
search again, but this time for *her*?

JOEL
Can you tell me what this is about?

ROSE
You said you wouldn't ask questions.

JOEL
No, *you* said I wouldn't ask questions.

ROSE
Just - *please*, Joel?

Joel shakes his head with a sigh. He swivels the monitor
back around and begins a new search...

JOEL
...*Huh*. There *was* a previous report
filed... four days before her death.
(eyes narrowing)
You're *shitting* me. She was *also*
interviewed about a suicide?

Rose peers over Joel's shoulder. She points at the screen.

ROSE
What's that? Is that a video file?

JOEL
It's security camera footage...

Rose just stares at Joel. Joel sighs.

JOEL
I'm *really* not supposed to do this...

He plays the file:

ON SCREEN: Night-vision CCTV FOOTAGE of GAS STATION PUMPS. We see Angela Powell filling her car's tank, unaware of a MAN at another pump who lifts a fuel nozzle above his head and POURS GAS on himself. He drops the nozzle, and walks toward Angela. Angela finally looks up to see the man standing in front of her. She doesn't react, just watches as the man strikes a LIGHTER and is instantly consumed by an INFERNO so bright it blows out the night-vision footage.

JOEL
Well, I'd wondered how my day could get cheerier.

Rose's eyes remain glued to the horror paused on screen.

ROSE
Can you rewind it?

He presses rewind. The flames reverse and disappear--

ROSE
Stop there.

He does. Rose leans close to the screen, staring hard. It's difficult to tell between the distance and the grainy video, but it appears that the man is smiling.

JOEL
Rose, who are these people?

ROSE
...I don't know.

JOEL
What do you mean you *don't know*?

Rose swallows, blinking loose a tear. She wipes her eyes.

ROSE
I have to go.

JOEL
Go where? Rose, I am so confused
right now. What was this about?

ROSE
I wish I could explain, but I just
can't. I'm sorry. But thank you. For
doing this for me. I mean that.

Joel just stares at Rose, positively mystified.

ROSE
Do me one more favor?
(then)
Can I have copies of this stuff?

EXT. WOODSY SUBURBAN ROADS - DAY

Rose's car snakes along tree-lined roads beneath a grey sky.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Rose pulls into her driveway and parks. She holds a FOLDER
containing the REPORTS Joel printed for her. Takes a breath.

INT. FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Rose enters, folder in hand.

ROSE
Trevor..?

TREVOR (O.S.)
Hey, I'm in the living room...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rose enters the living room and stops short. Trevor is on
the couch. MADELINE is sitting in the chair opposite him.

MADELINE
Hi Rose. Please come join us.

Rose stares at Madeline in disbelief. Her eyes move to
Trevor, who meekly avoids her eye contact.

ROSE
What is this? What's she doing here?

MADELINE

Both of us are here because we--

ROSE

--I was talking to my fiancé!

TREVOR

I called her.

Rose glares at Trevor, utterly betrayed.

ROSE

...Why?

TREVOR

Because you've been acting completely unhinged, and I didn't know what else to do!

ROSE

Are you *kidding* me? I came to you - the person I'm supposed to trust most in the world - and confided that I was scared to death, that I *needed* you, and you refused to even *listen* to what I was saying--

TREVOR

Why you think I called *her*? All I'm trying to do here is *help* you!

ROSE

No, all you're *trying* to do is make it so you don't have to deal with it! Because that's all you ever do! You're fine as long as everything is easy and agreeable. But god forbid *anything* ever becomes real or even a tiny bit difficult, and all you can think of is how it's going to mess up *your* perfect little life plan!

TREVOR

Are you serious right now? If that's what you think of me then why are we even together?

ROSE

Maybe I don't know!

MADELINE

Why don't we all just take a breath?

ROSE
Why don't you just fucking make
yourself at home!

Rose turns and storms out of the room.

TREVOR
Rose..! Are you seriously leaving
right now..?!

We hear the front DOOR SLAM.

INT. ROSE'S CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Rose drives with hot tears in her eyes. She comes to a stop at a red light. She grips the wheel and THRASHES in a fit of frustration--

ROSE
FUCK!!!

Through the driver window, we see another CAR waiting beside hers. Both OCCUPANTS are gawking at Rose like she's nuts.

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Rose rings the DOORBELL, then immediately rings it again. She frantically KNOCKS on the door. After a moment, Holly opens the door, clearly wary to see Rose.

HOLLY
Rose? This isn't a good time.

ROSE
I need to talk to you. Just for a few
minutes. Please, Holly. Please. *Please!*

Holly sighs. She glances back inside, then steps OUTSIDE onto the stoop with Rose, pulling the door closed.

ROSE
Okay... When you asked me yesterday
what was happening, I told you I
couldn't explain it - because the
truth was just too out there, too
impossible, too *crazy* - I couldn't
even hardly believe it *myself*...
Holly, I think I'm *cursed*, or-- or
somehow wrapped up *into* a curse--

HOLLY

--Jesus, Rose. I thought you were going to *apologize!*

ROSE

Just-- *listen!* It was *given* to me by this patient I had. She was cursed, and when she died it *passed* to me. And now this entity--

HOLLY

Entity??

ROSE

Yes! Or, *presence*, or... evil *spirit*, I don't know - it's been *following* me for days. I thought I was imagining it. But then it started *doing* things. It killed Mustache, not me! It was there at the party. You couldn't see it, but it was there! *That's* what I couldn't explain yesterday!

Holly stares at Rose with big, worried eyes.

HOLLY

Oh my god.

ROSE

Holly, I know it sounds unbelievable, I *know*. But it's *real*. Look--

Rose opens the folder and pulls out the gruesome crime scene PHOTO of Angela Powell, shoving it in Holly's face--

HOLLY

(utterly repulsed)

What *is* this? Why do you *have* this?!

ROSE

This has all already happened to other people who had the *same* curse. They all saw the entity, and then they died!

Holly shakes her head in grave disbelief.

ROSE

Holly, I'm really freaked out. I'm scared that what happened to all those other people is gonna happen to me!

HOLLY

Rose, stop! Just stop. Listen to me. This is not normal behavior. You're sick. I think you need real help--

ROSE

You're not hearing what I'm saying!

HOLLY

It isn't real, Rose! All of this is in your *head*. You sound exactly like Mom did when she got sick.

That hangs in the air. Rose is visibly appalled.

ROSE

Oh, like *you* would even know!

HOLLY

Excuse me?

ROSE

You were never *around* when Mom was at her worst! You'd run off with your friends every chance you got, *abandoning* me with her. Where were you when she died?

Holly's head nearly explodes.

HOLLY

You have *no clue* what you're talking about! Because I was older she took the worst of her insanity out on *me* - you just don't *remember*! I still have nightmares! I left the house because that's the only way I could *survive*.

(genuine)

And *I'm* sorry that I left you alone, and that you had to find her. I know that *messed you up*, and I know it isn't fair. I can't change that.

(then)

But I have *tried* to move on with my life, Rose. To leave the nightmare that was our childhood behind me. That's why I keep trying to sell the house. But you? You've never been able to accept that Mom went crazy and killed herself.

ROSE

What? That is so unfair!

HOLLY

It's true! Look at you! You've let it define your *whole life*, and it's like you *punish* me because I don't!

ROSE

Well, I'm sorry I'm not some stay at home, PTA *housewife*, and that I spend my time actually trying to *help* people rather than just existing in my own little smug, self-centered bubble!

Holly's jaw drops. Her eyes darken.

HOLLY

Fuck you, Rose.

Rose winces.

ROSE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.
Please, can I just come in and--

HOLLY

Jackson is completely traumatized! And frankly, your behavior - the things you're *saying*..? I'm sorry, but I can't have you around my family while you're like this. You need to leave. Go get yourself help, Rose.

Holly opens the door and steps inside.

ROSE

Wait-- Holly, please! What if this thing *kills* me?!

The door shuts in Rose's face.

Rose stands there, all alone. Tears start down her face--

INT. ROSE'S CAR - HOLLY'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Rose gets into her parked car and closes the door. She just sits there in silence, struggling not to lose it completely.

KNOCK-KNOCK - Rose looks up. Holly is standing right outside Rose's window. She's so close we can only see her torso (and not her head).

ROSE

Holly?

Holly's face suddenly LEANS DOWN into view - but it's upside down with the neck at the totally wrong angle, and she's smiling horribly--

INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

From right inside a WINDOW, we can see Rose out in her car across the street as she screams her head off.

REVEAL: Jackson is spying on Rose through the window. The way she's freaking out appears to frighten him.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - EVENING

Rose's car is parked in the mostly-empty lot of a DINER, bathed in NEON light. We see her inside the car, SOBBING.

After a few moments, we CUT HARD TO:

INT. ROSE'S CAR - SHORTLY AFTER

Rose EATS DINER FOOD in her car in silence. Her eyes red. All we hear is CHEWING and wrappers CRINKLING as she wolfs down a burger, taking oversized bites like she's famished.

We hold on her eating for a moment longer than we'd expect.

Her cellphone BUZZES with an incoming call: JOEL CALLING. Rose swallows what's in her mouth, and answers.

ROSE

Hello..?

JOEL (PHONE)

*Why didn't you tell me about your
patient's connection to the others?*

Rose sighs glumly.

ROSE

I was just trying to keep you out of it. I guess I forgot how obsessive you get. I'm sorry.

JOEL (PHONE)

After you left, I kept digging. These cases - the same pattern, it just keeps going back. I don't understand what I'm even looking at.

(MORE)

JOEL (PHONE) (cont'd)
*I've got twenty cases involving
nineteen suicide victims with a direct
line linking them all together, and I
can't wrap my head around it. What the
hell is going on here?*

Rose's eyes narrow.

ROSE
Wait, go back. You said you found
twenty cases but only *nineteen*
suicides?

JOEL (PHONE)
*Yeah. Turns out there's one that
mixes up the pattern, but it's
definitely connected. Some tech guy,
Michael Barnaby. His business partner
commits suicide right in front of
him, then four days later, Barnaby
murders a woman he's never met
before, completely out of the blue.
And this guy's never so much as
jaywalked before that. But get this:
less than a week later? The key
eyewitness to the murder also commits
suicide. Pattern resumes.*

Rose sits upright.

ROSE
(holy shit)
He's still alive?

JOEL (PHONE)
*He pleaded insanity, and he's been in
an institution ever since. It's a few
hours drive. You can explain on the
way. Where are you right now?*

Rose glances up at the neon sign: *PINKY'S DINER*.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

JOEL'S CAR drives away from the outskirts of the city, into
the night.

INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Joel drives. He's shaking his head in stunned disbelief.
Rose is riding shotgun, staring at Joel expectantly.

ROSE
...Well, say *something*.

JOEL
I'm processing.
(then)
I'm trying to keep an open mind here,
but... It's a lot.

ROSE
You know me. Would you say that I'm
given to illogical thinking?

JOEL
No.

ROSE
Easily frightened?

JOEL
Definitely not. Maybe a little
frightening sometimes, but...

ROSE
Well, all I'm asking you is to believe
in *me*.

Joel sighs.

JOEL
Okay, let's put aside the possibility
that some sort of evil, extraordinary
force exists... What's its *motive*?

ROSE
I don't know. There must be a reason
behind the pattern. It terrorizes a
victim, for a few days, maybe a week.
Then the person seeing it kills
themselves, and whoever witnesses
their death becomes the next victim.

JOEL
Christ, you make it sound like some
kind of *curse* or something.

ROSE
Exactly.

Joel shakes his head again.

JOEL

What the fuck... Okay, lets just say this thing is real, and it *has* killed all these people... What I still don't get is *how* it causes the victims' deaths? I mean how could it *convince* them to commit suicide?

ROSE

I don't know.

JOEL

Rose... the *things* all these people do to themselves--

ROSE

--I know.

Joel shakes his head again, way out of his depth. He looks over at Rose. Sees the fear and worry in her face.

JOEL

...It'll be okay. Whatever it is, we'll figure it out.

Rose reaches over and squeezes his hand. Joel looks down at her hand on his. The ENGAGEMENT RING on her finger. A hint of regret in his eyes.

EXT. BRIARCLIFF INSTITUTION - NIGHT

Joel's car turns off the road, passing a SIGN that reads: *Briarcliff State Facility*. A Brutalist BUILDING looms imposingly beyond a nearly empty parking lot.

INT. BRIARCLIFF - SECURITY CHECK IN - NIGHT

The sounds of distant MOANS and SHRIEKS. Rose and Joel comply with check-in procedures: emptying pockets, metal detector, removal of shoelaces/belts/etc.

A DEPUTY WARDEN recites rules at them:

DEPUTY WARDEN

Bring nothing in. Take nothing out. No screens. No discussion of current events. Nothing that might cause the inmate to become agitated. Absolutely no physical contact...

INT. INSTITUTION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Louder in here. The warden leads Rose and Joel along.

ANONYMOUS VOICE (O.S.)
Help me!... Please!... Somebody help me!

They arrive at a DOOR with an ARMED GUARD waiting outside.

DEPUTY WARDEN
 You can have fifteen minutes.
 (then, to Joel)
 I don't care what kind of insight he
 might have on your active case -
 you're wasting your time with him.

The warden nods to the guard, then walks off. The guard inserts a key and unlocks the door, opening it.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rose and Joel enter. The door closes and LOCKS behind them.

A wiry, scruffy MAN (40s) with hollow eyes stares unnervingly at them from the far side of a TABLE. Both of his hands are CUFFED to the table. This is MICHAEL BARNABY.

Joel nods encouragement to Rose. She sits down at the table.

ROSE
 Mr. Barnaby, my name is Dr. Rose Cotter. I was hoping you might be willing to answer a few questions about the days leading up to your--

Rose BALKS as Barnaby suddenly LEANS FORWARD over the table, eyes filled with nervous energy as he searches Rose's face.

BARNABY
 You... You've seen it.

Rose drops the last shred of pretense. She nods at Barnaby.

ROSE
 What is it? Why is it happening?

BARNABY
 I knew someone would show up here. I knew-- I knew there'd be someone else, someone smart, someone who knows. You know. You've seen it and you *know*--

JOEL
Hey. She asked you a question.

Barnaby's eyes flick to Joel with suspicion.

ROSE
Mr. Barnaby... *Michael*. Please. I need your help.

BARNABY
I can help you. But not with *him* here.
(whispers conspiratorially)
...You can't trust him.

Rose turns from Barnaby to Joel, her eyes desperate. Joel shakes his head.

JOEL
...You're not serious?

ROSE
Joel, there's no time. Please.

Joel swears under his breath. He KNOCKS on the door.

JOEL
Just... Be careful.

The door opens and Joel exits. It closes and LOCKS again.

BARNABY
You have to help me. That's the only way I'll tell you what I know. I help you, you help me. That's the deal.

Rose nods.

ROSE
Okay.

Barnaby nods and smiles to himself, pleased. But the smile quickly transforms into a pathetic wince.

BARNABY
This thing... it wants to scare you. It feeds on our worst fears. It'll use trauma and terror to turn your mind against you. The more scared you get, the more power it has over you. That's how it eventually takes *control*.

ROSE
What is it?

BARNABY

Do you know how many different cultures mention evil, harmful entities that disguise themselves as human? They all have different words for it - *Doppelganger. Mimic. Djinn. Fetch. Ka. Ankou. Demon...* If you look hard enough, you can find records of these *death chains* throughout history, all over the world. Our malevolent friend will tear straight through a line of people, spreading from one to the next, like a virus. The cycle will go on for a few months, then suddenly the chain will *end*. Vanish, just like that. Years will go by. But eventually, a new chain will pop up somewhere else, as if it's been *reawakened*. Whole thing starts all over again.

Rose struggles to comprehend all of this.

ROSE

But... How can this be real?

BARNABY

Right!? Makes you wonder what *else* is lurking out there?

ROSE

If these chains always end, then that must mean there's some way to *stop* it?

BARNABY

Oh. Oh no, I don't think so. I think the only reason this thing stops is because it's finished being hungry.

Rose shakes her head with frustration.

BARNABY

Pass it on. That's what I did. It uses trauma to spread. It'll force you to do it. But not if you're willing to do it first. Just kill someone. It can be anyone, just make sure there's a witness to pass it to. But you have to make it count. Get creative, use a weapon. You gotta make the biggest mess you can.

ROSE

No. No, I can't. There must be some other way! There has to be!

BARNABY

Oh my god, have you been listening to *anything* I've said!? You can be free!

Rose just stares, wide-eyed, shaking her head in disbelief.

BARNABY

I've told you what I know - now you've gotta help me. Please, get me out of here. Tell the doctors that I'm not insane. You've gotta tell them *you've* seen it too! That I shouldn't even be here. Please!

ROSE

I'm sorry, I-- I can't. I'm so sorry--

Barnaby SLAMS his cuffed hands against the table--

BARNABY

HEY! WE FUCKING HAD A DEAL!

Rose startles up out of her seat.

Barnaby LURCHES UP, still held in place by his restraints--

BARNABY

TELL THEM! I'M NOT CRAZY!

Rose backs away in terror.

BARNABY

WHERE ARE YOU GOING!? COME BACK HERE!

Barnaby froths at the mouth. He pulls against his restraints so hard the skin of his hands begins to TEAR OPEN and his fingers BREAK, starting to squeeze through the cuffs...

Rose turns and flees to the door, POUNDING to be let out--

BARNABY

YOU DESERVE WHAT'S COMING!

EXT. BRIARCLIFF INSTITUTION - NIGHT

Rose rushes out from the main entrance, like she can't get away from this place fast enough. Joel emerges behind her, jogging to catch up.

JOEL
Hey. Hey, slow down. What happened
back there?

Rose pauses, trying to steady herself. She looks fraught.

JOEL
What? What did he say?

Rose chews the inside of her mouth, hesitating... She shakes her head.

ROSE
...Nothing. He's out of his mind.

INT. JOEL'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT - LATER

Joel drives away from the institution. His eyes are full of worry. He looks over at Rose sitting in the passenger seat.

She's staring out the window, silently freaking out.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - DAWN

The sun is rising as Joel's car pulls into the lot. It parks next to Rose's car.

INT. JOEL'S CAR - SAME

Joel stares at Rose. She hasn't moved at all.

JOEL
What do you want to do?

Rose looks at him, full of dread.

ROSE
I don't know.

JOEL
I have to stop into work for a few
hours, but I'll check on you as soon
as I can. Just lay low. If anything
happens, if you need anything -
anything - just call me, okay?

Rose suddenly leans across the center console and hugs Joel tight. Joel is surprised, but he hugs her back.

JOEL
It's gonna be okay. I promise.

Rose lets him go and nods, far from convinced. Without another word, she gets out of the car.

Joel watches her walk to her own car, worried.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - MORNING

The house is silent and gloomy in the early morning light. Rose enters. She leans against the door, utterly depleted.

BUZZ-BUZZ. Rose's cellphone rings. She looks at the screen: *MADELINE CARLYLE CALLING*. She presses ignore.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Rose paces back and forth. She stops and looks down at the table, where several police reports are spread out, including the graphic *CRIME SCENE PHOTOS* of horrible deaths.

Her phone *BUZZES* with a text.

TREVOR: We need to talk... Are you at home?

Rose chews on a finger nail, boiling with anxiety. She winces and yanks her finger out of her mouth. It's *BLEEDING*.

She rinses her finger in the sink. Wraps it in a dish towel.

Her eyes catch on the *KNIFE BLOCK* on the counter... She reaches out and slowly draws the big *CHEF'S KNIFE*. Stares at it, almost as if she's mesmerized...

DING-DONG. Rose looks up as the doorbell chimes.

INT. FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Rose opens the door to reveal Madeline on her front step.

ROSE
Are you kidding me..?

MADELINE
It's *just* me, I promise. Trevor has nothing to do with this.

ROSE
Not a good time. Just please go away.

Rose moves to shut the door -- but Madeline wedges a foot in, preventing her from closing it.

MADELINE

Rose. Please. It's best if we talk.

ROSE

I highly fucking doubt it.

MADELINE

As a mental health professional I have a responsibility to notify the authorities if I believe someone may be a danger to herself or others. I need you to help *convince* me that you're *not* a danger.

Rose hesitates. Then opens the door up wide.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rose leads Madeline into the living room.

MADELINE

I do apologize if you felt ambushed yesterday. That wasn't the intention.

Rose collapses onto the couch with a huff. Madeline sits gently in the arm chair opposite her.

MADELINE

Trevor had mentioned there's been talk of ghosts?

Rose scoffs.

ROSE

I *never* said the word *ghost*.

MADELINE

Evil presences then. The paranormal?

Rose shakes her head.

ROSE

I admitted I was seeing things. The same as I told you. But it was just stress, and lack of sleep. I confided a fleeting moment of uncertainty - that's *all* it was.

Madeline studies Rose.

MADELINE

How are you feeling today?

ROSE

Let's see. My fiancé looks at me like I've lost my mind. I'm pretty sure that relationship's over. My only sister has completely shut me out, and my former therapist is making unscheduled house calls, trying to evaluate whether or not I'm a danger... And if I'm being *honest*, that doesn't even *begin* to scratch the surface of where my head is at.

The HOUSE PHONE RINGS sharply. Rose and Madeline both glance over at it on the end table. It continues to ring.

MADELINE

...Should you get that?

Rose reaches over and grabs the cordless phone, answering:

ROSE

Hello?

MADELINE (PHONE)

Rose? It's Madeline. I've been trying your mobile all morning...

Every muscle in Rose's body freezes.

MADELINE (PHONE)

...I'm very concerned about how we left things yesterday.

Rose's eyes slowly shift back to the Madeline sitting across from her. Madeline raises her eyebrows, as if she's curious about Rose's sudden change in demeanor.

MADELINE (PHONE)

...Rose? Are you there?

Rose slowly lowers the phone from her ear. She stares wide-eyed at Madeline, heart pounding.

Madeline's mouth slowly curls up into a familiar smile.

Rose's breathing turns heavy with panic.

The thing that looks like Madeline opens its mouth wider, displaying its teeth in a foul expression of glee. It leans forward, putting its hands on the floor...

...It CRAWLS forward, advancing uncannily toward Rose.

ROSE

No no no no--

As the Madeline-thing crawls near her feet - Rose lifts her legs up, scrambling backwards and awkwardly propelling herself over the back of the couch--

Rose falls HARD to the floor on the other side. She drags herself backwards, staring at the rear of the couch as...

...The grinning Madeline-thing crawls up over the backside of the couch, moving like an insect...

MADELINE-THING

Heheheheeeeeee...

ROSE

Stay away from me!

Rose scoots backwards, until she dead-ends into a wall.

The thing that looks like Madeline crawls right up to Rose, grabbing at her legs, pulling itself on top of her...

It pins Rose down, its grinning face inches from hers...

Rose tries to SCREAM -- but the Madeline-thing clamps a hand over Rose's mouth.

MADELINE-THING

(hissing)

Tonight, Rose. Toniiiiiiiighhh--

VISCOUS BLACK FLUID pours out of the thing's mouth onto Rose's face as her SCREAMS are MUFFLED beneath its hand.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY - LATER

The parking lot of the hospital where Rose works. We observe the comings and goings of patients and their companions:

A WEARY FATHER pushes an AILING CHILD in a wheelchair.

An ELDERLY COUPLE walk arm-in-arm, both holding brave faces.

New PARENTS look joyful and apprehensive carrying an INFANT.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN walking alone bursts into tears.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - SAME

REVEAL: Rose is parked in the hospital lot, watching the people coming and going. She looks scared to death.

Her eyes shift to the passenger seat, where the CHEF'S KNIFE from her kitchen is resting on the upholstery.

She stares at it like it's a snake that might bite... Then picks it up and carefully slides it up into her sleeve.

Rose opens her door and gets out of the car. We watch through the windshield as she walks toward the hospital...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Rose navigates the halls of the hospital, trying to maintain a low profile. She uses her EMPLOYEE BADGE to pass through a locked door.

INT. PSYCH UNIT - DAY

Another busy day in the psych unit. Rose moves quickly, keeping her eyes down.

STATION NURSE
Hey, Dr. Cotter..? Aren't you
supposed to be on leave?

Rose strains a smile the nurse's way.

ROSE
Just grabbing something from my office.

She keeps moving.

INT. CORRIDOR - PSYCH ER - MOMENTS LATER

Rose ducks into another corridor, glancing behind her.

She stops in front of an OPEN DOOR to a PATIENT ROOM.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARL is sitting on his bed, wringing his hands together nervously. His lip are moving in some silent mantra.

He looks up as Rose steps into the room. At the sight of her, Carl immediately stands up and moves back in fear.

ROSE
It's okay, Carl.

Rose steps toward him. Carl backs into the wall, WHIMPERING.

CARL
Nonononono...

ROSE
Shhh - just calm down. Calm down.

DR. INGRAM (O.S.)
Rose..?

Rose spins around. Dr. Ingram is standing in the doorway, looking extremely concerned.

DR. INGRAM
What are you doing here?

ROSE
I... I, um...

DR. INGRAM
Rose, you can't be around patients.

Rose has no answer. She pulls the KNIFE out of her sleeve and turns and PLUNGES IT INTO CARL'S CHEST--

Carl SCREAMS and Rose SCREAMS as she pulls the knife out and shoves it back in again, and again, and again, BLOOD SPEWING as she and Carl SCREAM TOGETHER, but he won't die so she just keeps stabbing, and as Rose looks over her shoulder--

DR. INGRAM TEARS THE SKIN OFF HIS FACE AND RUNS AT ROSE--

INT. ROSE'S CAR - IN THE PARKING LOT - DAY

--Rose JERKS upright from the steering wheel, SCREAMING.

It takes her several panicked moments to realize that she never got out of the car.

Rose buries her face in her hand, gasping with emotion.

KNOCK-KNOCK! - Rose STARTLES again as--

DR. INGRAM knocks on her driver's window. He's standing right outside her car, peering in at her.

Rose wipes her eyes and tries to swallow her panic as she rolls the window down.

DR. INGRAM
Rose, what are you doing out here?

ROSE
Nothing-- I was just... Nothing.

Rose can't hide how hysterical she looks.

DR. INGRAM
Listen, why don't we go inside together and we can just talk--

ROSE
No, it's not safe!

DR. INGRAM
...What does that mean?

ROSE
I... I shouldn't have come here. I have to go, I'm sorry.

Ingram's eyes land on the big KNIFE on the passenger seat.

DR. INGRAM
Actually, I think you should just stay right here, okay? Just relax a minute. I'm going to make a call...

Ingram pulls his phone out, dialing with urgency.

But Rose's focus shifts past Ingram now...

LAURA IS STANDING TWENTY FEET BEHIND HIM, SMILING menacingly at Rose and slowly walking toward the car.

Rose fumbles the key into the ignition and STARTS the car.

DR. INGRAM
Rose, wait! Don't go anywhere! Rose!!

Rose jams the car into REVERSE and PEELS away, nearly swiping Ingram as she does.

INT. ROSE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Rose drives, her movements erratic. Her eyes are manic. She appears to be on the edge of an emotional collapse.

Her cellphone BUZZES. She digs it out. JOEL CALLING. Rose ignores the call, and puts the phone away.

EXT. RURAL ROADS - DAY

Rose's car speeds along tree-lined roads.

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

A very rural road. Rose's car approaches and then slows. It pulls off onto a broken, weed-ridden DRIVEWAY.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - SAME

ANGLE ON Rose as she pulls to a stop and parks. She turns the engine OFF and sits there, staring out the windshield at something we don't yet see.

Her phone BUZZES. *JOEL CALLING*. She ignores it again.

She opens her door and steps out, gazing at:

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A squat, single-story house with an attached garage. The paint is cracked and peeled. The yard is tangled and overgrown. A place long neglected.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The front door unlocks and opens. Rose hesitates outside, peering into the dim interior. After a moment of trepidation, she steps over the threshold, entering.

Standing inside the FRONT ENTRYWAY, Rose surveys the MAIN LIVING ROOM. The carpet is molding. The walls are water-stained and cracked. A few pieces of remaining furniture loom beneath old sheets.

Rose tries the LIGHT SWITCH on the wall. The power is off.

INT. HALLWAY - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: a DOOR FRAME leading to a BEDROOM. There's an old, faded HEIGHT CHART marked with pen. We can make out the names *ROSE* and *HOLLY* and different ages.

Rose pushes open the DOOR, peering inside a SMALL BEDROOM. There are two old, empty BED FRAMES against opposite walls.

Rose doesn't enter the room. She turns and looks DOWN THE HALL - which we now can recognize as the hall from her dream. The DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL is closed.

She slowly walks down the hall, approaching the door. Reaches out, putting her hand on the knob...

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

We're seeing the closed BEDROOM DOOR from the opposite side. There is a miserable MOANING sound inside the room. The door pushes open, revealing:

TEN-YEAR OLD ROSE, as we saw her at the beginning of the film - her clothes are dirty, her eyes are scared.

She stands there in the doorway and we PAN into the room, discovering it is FURNISHED and a total mess.

Rose's MOM (40s) is lying in the bed, MOANING in pain. Still alive, but seemingly in very bad shape. She can barely move.

Mom's eyes struggle to focus.

MOM
(slurring, delirious)
R-Rose? Baby... Come-- Come...

Mom tries to lift her head, but she seems nearly PARALYZED. Every movement appears to be agonizingly impossible.

MOM
Mmmm-- Mmmommy mmmade a mmmistake.

Rose's terrified little eyes land on the OPEN BOTTLE OF PILLS spilled on the floor beside the bed.

MOM
Phh-- Phone. Get the phhhone. Call...
for... hhh-help.

Rose is too frightened to move. Her eyes are filled with a mix of fear and resentment.

MOM
I dddidn't mmmmean to... Ppp-please!

Tears fall down Rose's little face.

MOM
(hysterical)
Rooossse... ROOSSSE!

Rose flees from the room, shutting the DOOR behind her--

MOM (O.S.)
DON'T LEAVE MEEE!

Our POV remains on the CLOSED DOOR. All goes QUIET. The daylight rapidly changes in quality and color. After a moment, the door OPENS again, *CREAKING* on old hinges...

ADULT ROSE steps into the bedroom (we're back to present).

We PAN from Rose into the room again, which is now completely bare, save for an empty bed frame.

Rose stares into the room, overwhelmed with emotion...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rose pulls her mom's bedroom door firmly CLOSED. She looks back up the hallway, thinking.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Rose LOCKS the FRONT DOOR.
- Rose checks WINDOWS. Locks them. Draws SHADES.

INT. GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Rose uses her phone's FLASHLIGHT to search through piles of junk in the claustrophobic, spider-infested garage.

Her light lands on an old KEROSENE LANTERN on a shelf. The light shifts, finding a rusted GALLON CAN next to it.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - EVENING

As the sun sets outside, its last rays cast warm hues through the curtains.

Rose paces back and forth in the MAIN LIVING ROOM.

KNOCK-KNOCK! Rose freezes. She looks toward the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rose creeps toward the front door as: *KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!*

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Rose! It's Joel, open the door!

BANG-BANG-BANG! More pounding from the other side.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
I know you're inside - your car's in the driveway... Rose, if you don't answer I'm gonna kick the door down!

ROSE
Joel, what are you doing here?

(During the following, we stay on Rose's side of the door.)

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Rose! What's going on? The police have an APB out on you. What happened? Are you okay?

ROSE
How did you know I was here?

There's a hesitation from the other side of the door.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
I tracked your phone. I *know*, I'm sorry. I just... You weren't answering, and I got nervous... Please, will you just open the door?

ROSE
I can't. It's too late. It's not safe to be around me.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Don't say that. I don't believe that.

ROSE
You don't understand what's happening.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're right. I don't understand. None of this makes *any* sense to me. But I'm not giving up, and neither can you. We can still figure this out.

Rose squeezes her eyes shut.

ROSE

This thing will just keep spreading and spreading. I can't let that happen. If I stay here and face it alone, it won't have anyone else to pass to, and the chain will end with me... That's all that matters now... You need to leave... I'm sorry.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Rose, wait a second. Just... Talk to me. Please.

Rose palms a tear out of her eye and steps back, moving away from the door.

JOEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

...Rose...? Rose..!?

After a moment, we hear FOOTSTEPS receding outside.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Nightfall. The house is now dark, illuminated only by pale MOONLIGHT seeping through stained curtains.

A MATCH STRIKES to life. Rose lights the KEROSENE LANTERN.

Her eyes search the darkness around her. The shadows seem alive - twisting and jumping against the lantern's light.

She slowly turns in place, scanning the entirety of the living room, as if expecting something...

ROSE

Where are you..?

Nothing but the cold silence of the house.

Rose places the lantern on the floor, and sits on the ratty living room sofa...

CREEEEEAAAAAK - the sound of a DOOR slowly OPENING.

Rose turns, staring at the entrance to the HALLWAY...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

DARKNESS. The lantern's GLOW pushes shadows back as Rose steps into the hall.

Rose raises the lantern. The DOOR to her mother's bedroom at the far end of the hall (that she closed) is HALF-OPEN.

Rose swallows, then slowly walks down the hall... She arrives at the door. Pushes it open further...

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rose holds the lantern up, entering the bedroom...

Her MOM is sitting on the bed, slumped forward with her head in her hands. Her face is HIDDEN behind a mess of long hair. She's CRYING SOFTLY.

As if sensing Rose, Mom suddenly stops crying. She looks up, revealing a beautiful but tragically sad face.

MOM

Rose?

Mom palms at her eyes, as if trying to hide her tears.

MOM

It's okay, baby. Come here.

Rose just stares in disbelief.

MOM

I'm sorry I yelled. I didn't mean it.
Mommy just loses control sometimes,
that's all. Please don't be sad.

Mom rises and walks toward Rose, opening her arms.

MOM

I love you so much. You and your
sister mean everything to me.

Rose stands there, trembling, as the mother she watched die wraps her arms around her, pulling her into a hug.

MOM

Shh. It's going to be okay...
(softly singing)
You are my sunshine
my only sunshine
you make me happy
when skies are grey...

Rose squeezes her eyes closed, allowing herself to sink into the embrace. Her Mom strokes her fingers through her hair.

MOM (CONTINUING)
*...You'll never know dear
 how much I love you
 Please don't take my sunshine away.*
 (then)
 Shh. Don't cry. I'm here.

ROSE
 No you're not. This isn't real.

MOM
 Oh, Rose. Your mind *makes* it real.

Rose opens her eyes and pushes her mother away.

Mom stares back at her in the dark.

Rose shakes her head, stepping backwards.

A menacing smile spreads across Mom's face.

MOM
 Rose?

Rose just keeps staring as she steps backwards into:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Rose takes another step back, the lantern's light falls away from her mother's face, leaving it in shadow:

MOM
 (frightening voice)
 Don't leave me.

Mom steps forward, FOLLOWING Rose as she slowly backs down the HALL. Mom stays right on the edge of the lantern's light, her features shrouded in darkness.

ROSE
 Why are you doing this?

The voice that responds is horrifying:

MOM
 Because your mind is so *inviting*.

ROSE
 What are you?

MOM
 Nothing. Everything...

Hidden in silhouette, Mom's movements become lurching and wrong. *CRACK-KRIK-SNAP* - With every step, her LIMBS and TORSO grow and stretch horrifically, filling more of the hallway. *(We will refer to this version as NIGHTMARE MOM.)*

NIGHTMARE MOM

Do you want to see?

Rose's eyes fill with abject terror. She turns and flees down the hall--

INT. FRONT DOOR - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rose runs up to the front door and scrambles to UNLOCK it -- then HESITATES... She stands there, breathing frantically...

We hear the sound of FLOORBOARDS CREAKING behind her.

MOM (O.S.)

(back to normal voice)

It's okay. Open it.

ROSE

No.

Rose RE-LOCKS the door.

MOM (O.S.)

Rose... Baby girl. I'm so sorry.

Rose shakes her head, refusing to turn around.

MOM (O.S.)

(real emotion)

I was supposed to protect you, and I couldn't. I was sick. I needed help.

Tears stream down Rose's face.

MOM (O.S.)

But why did you let me die, Rose?

ROSE

I didn't.

MOM (O.S.)

There was still time. You could have called for help. But you chose not to.

ROSE
I was scared. I was ten years old,
and I was alone, and terrified. It
wasn't... It wasn't my fault...!
(emotional pause)
It *wasn't* my fault.

MOM (O.S.)
Shh. It's okay now. You've always
known that what was inside me, is in
you. I'm part of you.

ROSE
No. You're *not* her... And you're not
getting out of this house.

NIGHTMARE MOM (O.S.)
(nightmarish shriek)
OPEN THE DOOR!!

Rose squeezes her eyes shut. We stay TIGHT on her face as:

NIGHTMARE MOM (O.S.)
Roooooooooseeeee...

We hear HEAVY FOOTSTEPS behind her - coming toward her. Its
inhuman, insectile BREATHS grows LOUDER and CLOSER...

UNTIL IT'S RIGHT BEHIND HER, BREATHING DOWN HER NECK--!

...Suddenly, everything goes SILENT.

Rose stands there shaking with terrible anticipation, too
scared to even breathe...

After several more agonizing seconds, Rose finally blinks
her eyes open. It takes all of her willpower, but slowly,
she begins to turn around...

Rose raises the lantern. There's no sign of the Nightmare.

She moves into the LIVING ROOM, eyes searching the dark.

ROSE
I'm not afraid of you anymore.
Because you can't hurt me. Not unless
I hurt myself... Because you're stuck
inside my head.

Nightmare Mom's FACE appears RIGHT NEXT TO ROSE--

NIGHTMARE MOM
Are you sure?

Rose is forcefully THROWN across the room -- she HITS the wall hard, the wind knocked out of her--

The lantern lands sideways on the floor next to her. The glass encasement has a precarious looking CRACK in it now.

Rose gasps for air. Her eyes struggle to focus.

In the dark, we can see the spidery silhouette of Nightmare Mom, crawling on all fours.

NIGHTMARE MOM

You can't escape your own mind, Rose.

Rose eyes the LANTERN next to her, which is now alarmingly leaking FLAMING KEROSENE.

Rose turns forward and NIGHTMARE MOM IS SUDDENLY RIGHT ON TOP OF HER -- it SNATCHES her throat in its hand, grinning.

ROSE

(choking)

You can't... escape it... *either*.

Nightmare Mom's grin falls as Rose suddenly grabs its wrist, OVERPOWERING IT, forcing its hand to release her throat.

ROSE

You're in *my* mind. But you don't control my thoughts anymore. *I* do.

Rose bends Nightmare Mom's wrist back, SNAPPING it at a horrific angle--

ROSE

And you know what I think?

Rose grabs the KEROSENE LANTERN--

ROSE

You're fucking flammable.

She SWINGS the lantern against Nightmare Mom's face -- it SHATTERS OPEN AND INSTANTLY IGNITES--

The horrible spindly thing SHRIEKS and recoils backwards, FLAMES crawling down its body.

Nightmare Mom flails around, SCREAMING with a thousand voices in unison. The FIRE spreads to the sheet-covered furniture and curtains. The air fills with smoke.

Rose drags herself up and lumbers toward the front door, COUGHING from smoke in her lungs.

She reaches the door and UNLOCKS it, pulling it open--

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SAME

Rose stumbles outside, GASPING for air. She HESITATES, staring back inside through the door:

Inside, the Nightmare SCREAMS, now fully engulfed in FLAMES. It CRAWLS toward the door, reaching out for Rose--

Rose PULLS THE DOOR SHUT, sealing the Nightmare inside.

She staggers away from the house, across the overgrown yard.

Her legs give out and she collapses to the ground. She pushes through pain and exhaustion, rising back to her feet.

Rose turns around, staring back at...

THE HOUSE

Glowing bright from within. Sounds of GLASS breaking and FIRE SPREADING. FLAMES lick outwards from windows as the blaze inside grows into a ROARING INFERNO.

Rose stands there, watching it all burn...

CUT TO **BLACK.**

Several silent moments pass... Then, the sound of BIRDS.

Gradually, we FADE BACK UP on WARM LIGHT...

INT. ROSE'S CAR - MORNING

Early morning SUNLIGHT SHINES through the windshield...

...finding Rose asleep in the driver's seat.

Her eyes slowly blink open. She winces in pain. Sits upright. Gazes out the window...

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - MORNING

The house has BURNED DOWN to its foundation. The charred ruins still smolder. The grass around it is blackened.

Rose's car is still in the driveway. The ENGINE starts--

INT. ROSE'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING - LATER

Rose drives, looking like death warmed over. But her eyes are calm.

She rolls down her window, letting the fresh air in.

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - MORNING - LATER

Our POV is looking through a WINDOW at Trevor, seated at the kitchen table. His head is in his hands. He looks worried.

REVEAL: Rose is standing in the driveway, watching Trevor. He doesn't know she's there.

After a moment of deliberation, Rose gets back into her car.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

We're in a hall facing the DOOR to an apartment. It OPENS, revealing a weary-looking Joel, surprised to see...

Rose, standing out in the hall.

JOEL

Rose? Are you okay? I thought...

ROSE

...Can I come in?

INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A small, but modern bachelor pad. Clean lines and lots of natural light.

Rose walks into the LIVING ROOM. Joel waits for her to talk, clearly full of questions himself.

ROSE

I wanted to say I'm sorry... I'm sorry for allowing you to get involved in my own fucked up situation. And then for pushing you away after I was the one who dragged you into it.

Rose bites the inside of her cheek.

ROSE

I'm sorry about us. About the selfish way I left things. And I know that doesn't even begin to cover the million other things I want to say...

Rose exhales heavily.

ROSE

But right now I just... I really need to sleep, and to *feel safe* - and would it be okay if I stay here? Will you stay with me while I sleep? Please?

Joel registers everything Rose just said, trying to process.

JOEL

Rose... What happened? Is it over?

ROSE

It's over.

Joel looks down, shaking his head, lost for words.

JOEL

...Are you sure?

Rose stares at Joel. He looks back up, meeting her eyes.

His mouth widens into a smile.

He begins to LAUGH - it's maniacal and terrifying.

Rose's eyes widen with dread and confusion as--

The DAYLIGHT streaming through the windows SOURS and DARKENS. The clean, modern walls of the room begin to ROT AWAY, revealing CRACKS and WATER STAINS.

Rose reacts with horror as her SURROUNDINGS TRANSFORM into:

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

It's still nighttime, and Rose never left the house!

ROSE

NO! NO!

Rose spins around -- she's standing at the FRONT DOOR which is now WIDE OPEN - because she just opened it.

JOEL (O.S.)

Rose?!

From Rose's POV OUT THE FRONT DOOR: the REAL JOEL is standing in the driveway near his car - he never left her.

ROSE

NO!!

JOEL

Rose!

Joel sprints toward the house--

Rose SLAMS the front door closed and LOCKS it. She backs away from the door, eyes totally crazed.

JOEL (THROUGH DOOR)

Rose! Rose, open the door!

BANG BANG BANG! Joel POUNDS on the door outside.

Rose turns around, coming face to face with NIGHTMARE MOM, grinning gleefully at her.

Nightmare Mom raises its hands to its face, grabbing the ill-fitting skin. It TEARS the false skin away, revealing a HELLISH MONSTROSITY beneath not meant for human eyes.

Rose SCREAMS and falls to her knees, going over the edge--

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SAME TIME

Hearing Rose's BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS INSIDE, Joel stops pounding on the front door--

JOEL

ROSE?! HOLD ON I'M COMING!

Joel takes a step back and DRIVES his heel into the door near the latch. A second KICK LOOSENS THE BOLT...

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SAME TIME

Rose is on her knees as the Monstrosity grabs her face with inhuman hands. It grips her lower jaw in one hand. Her upper jaw with the other. It slowly PULLS HER JAWS APART, snapping facial muscles and breaking bones, OPENING her mouth horrifically, impossibly wide... Then it pushes its ENTIRE HEAD into her mouth, forcing itself down Rose's throat--

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SAME TIME

From outside, Joel realizes Rose's SCREAMS have gone silent.

JOEL

Rose..!? Rose, answer me!

There is no answer. Joel returns to KICKING IN the door--

One last KICK and the latch tears through the frame, swinging the door open.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joel rushes inside, eyes searching.

JOEL

Rose?! Where are you?!

He draws a PEN FLASHLIGHT from his hip and clicks it on, moving further into the house, scanning with the light.

He sees the kerosene lantern sitting on the floor, intact and still glowing.

DRIP DRIP DRIP - the sound of liquid. Joel spins, and his flashlight beam finds:

ROSE STANDING WITH HER BACK TO HIM.

She's holding the GALLON KEROSENE CAN upside down above her head, the last few drops falling onto her. She lets the container drop to the floor.

JOEL

Rose..?

Rose turns around to face Joel. She's smiling.

Joel freezes, staring in terrible disbelief.

There's a BOX OF MATCHES in Rose's hands. As she puts the head of a MATCH to the strike strip, we go...

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON JOEL'S WIDE, TERRIFIED EYES

...and in their REFLECTION: we see the match STRIKE in the darkness, and Rose smiles as she is horribly engulfed in FIRE--

CUT TO BLACK.